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## FRAGMENTS OF TRAVEL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

IV.

As we descended into the wonderful valley in which lie Meiringen and Brienz, the impression of the grandeur and height of the mountains became oppressively great, and no words, no picture, could possibly convey any idea of the stupendous proportions of this magnificent scenery. Heavy storm-clouds and mist were flying rapidly

There is an easy path made from the lake up the hill-side to the plateau, on which stands the hotel, which was so crowded with visitors that we could only obtain rooms in the fourth story. An iron bridge, extending from a door at the end of our entry, led us directly on the mountain-side, from which we had a fine view of six of the ten falls.



SWISS SINGERS.

across the heavens, now and then obscuring the lower plateau, while the snow-clad peaks shone with tenfold brilliancy in the sunlight. While crossing the lake to the landing-wharf of the Giessbach Hôtel and Falls, the sun was obscured by a cloud just large enough to cover it, and sent forth its broad beams, like a glorious halo, in every direction, brightening the surrounding mountains, and throwing an intensely brilliant line of light across the dark waters in front of us.

They are high and narrow, with very little water, which descends with great force. The fall, over the passage I spoke of, shoots over the rocks in such an arc that there is ample space for the rough, wooden gallery which has been built to enable people to pass under and see the thin veil of water falling between them and the landscape beyond.

In the evening there was a grand illumination of the falls, which

produced a most beautiful effect, and was well worth seeing. As the time approached, while we were waiting in the garden, we amused ourselves watching the eccentricities of a party of English travellers, and the lanterns of the men employed in preparing the illumination, moving over the face of the steep mountain, and looking like glow-worms among the trees. Suddenly a signal-rocket swept into the air, at our feet, and in a moment was answered by another from the opposite mountain, and instantly the entire seven falls, above this point, were flooded with white light, then with blue, crimson, green, gold, and purple, in rapid succession, making one of the most beautiful spectacles I ever beheld. Sometimes each of the falls would be of a different color, the smoke floating from the colored lights, and the spray from the water, uniting like a misty rainbow all down the hill. As the foliage of the trees was, in many places, between the falls and the spectators, the effect was even more splendid and mysterious. We saw every part of the falls distinctly, every rock and sheet of water, while behind the third cascade, on the passage I have mentioned, a brilliant crimson Bengal light was placed, over which we could see the water pouring in graceful festoons. As the rest of the forest and the great mountain-side were in total darkness, the effect of this waving line of brilliant but misty color streaming down in one spot, was especially beautiful.

While we were at the Giessbach landing, awaiting the arrival of the boat, our ears were regaled by the most execrating sounds from the powerful lungs of five women in their national dress, wearing great, wide-brimmed straw hats, with a long net in the crown, and black-velvet bodices, covered with all sorts of silver ornaments. Under these they wore white muslin underwaists with full sleeves, and over them, flat pieces of starched linen, like white tin, fastened to the shoulders like wings, and tied around the elbow with a string. It is these curious flapping appendages which give that peculiar, high-shouldered appearance we observe in all Swiss women. They were all extremely coarse-looking—three middle-aged, two young—all having voices something between a saw and a flageolet. The accompaniment was sung by three, and the others performed a marvellous duet full of frightful *jodels* most exasperating to the musical ear. I never supposed that any member of the gentler sex could produce so hideous a noise, and they sang with as solemn an expression of face as if they had been singing a dirge.

The new Interlaken Hôtel is quite a handsome building, standing back from the main street, with a pretty garden in front. On the right, as you look at it, a Swiss cottage, of the orthodox style, projects toward the road, two stories high, with a great overhanging roof, and carved wooden balconies on each floor. The Kursaal, which is very near the hotel, was originally designed for a gambling-establishment, like those of Baden, Wiesbaden, etc.; but, just before it was finished, the Swiss Government passed a law prohibiting public gaming, and the building passed into the possession of the canton of Bern. It is a restaurant now, with long, projecting sheds, full of tables and chairs; an orchestra occupies one part. I believe the central building, where the gambling-rooms were to have been, is now used for the famous "goat's-milk cure" and the "grape-cure," two favorite European quackeries, greatly patronized by the "nobility and gentry." If people are really cured at Interlaken, it is more owing to the fine mountain-air and the early rising than to goat's-whey and grapes.

The Germans seem to make use of these resorts as places to call upon or to receive visits from their acquaintances, instead of receiving them in their own houses. An entire family comes, plants itself around a table, and, with a few glasses of beer and sections of sausage, waits for friends to arrive. And come they do; by twos and by threes, until the circle widens to include two or three tables. At every fresh arrival, or at every departure, a grand movement takes place—all rise; all the gentlemen take off their hats with the most profound bows. When one new-comer is introduced to another member of the circle, more popping up is performed; the introducer, the introduced, and the introducee, all stand up in a triangle, take off their hats, shake hands, and sit down again. We were greatly amused watching a party of this kind seated near us in the porch of the Kursaal. It consisted of an elderly gentleman, his wife, daughter, and two young sons, who had their shawls wrapped around their bodies in Scotch fashion, as if the weather had been piercingly cold. They had a number of visitors, and the amount of jumpings up and down, hand-shakings, and hat-flourishings, was truly wonderful. Even the little boys were incessantly taking off their hats. The Germans

are certainly more demonstratively polite than even the French, and the Swiss exceed all. We remained here for some hours, and then walked back to the hotel under the avenue of splendid walnut-trees, with the stars twinkling through the foliage. After being detained at Interlaken for a day or two by threatening weather, we started on the way to Lauterbrunnen to see the falls of the Staubbach, and, over the Wengern Alps, to Grundenwald and the Glaciers. The valley, by which the road leaves Interlaken for the mountains, divides into two branches about three miles from the hotel: one to the right is called Lauterbrunnen, on account of the number of water-falls from the precipices; and the one to the left is the Grundenwald, an exquisitely beautiful, verdant opening, between two ranges of high, pine-clad hills, and shut in, at its farthest extremity, by the magnificent Wetterhorn—"the Peak of Tempests." This we saw to perfection, as we reached the division of the valleys. It was relieved against a pale-blue sky, its icy peak glittering like molten silver, and its great glaciers streaming down its brown sides until the pines concealed them. Huge drifting clouds floated away to let us see the Wetterhorn thus perfectly, wreaths of mist clinging lovingly to the trees and water-courses on its lower plateaux. On the way, we passed a small castle called Unspunnen, pointed out as the place selected by Byron for the scene of his tragedy of "Manfred." It must command a glorious view, but in other respects is totally uninteresting. At the point where the valley divides, we took the right-hand road through the narrow, rocky defile, known throughout the world for the beauty of its water-falls. The word Lauterbrunnen means "nothing but springs," and never was there a more appropriate name, for, on each side, as you go through it, mountain-torrents rush down the steep hill-sides, or leap over the precipices, to flow into the bustling, boiling stream, that rattles down the valley. It is so narrow, and, in some places, the great stone barriers are so steep, that it seems impossible to go farther or to get out. Certainly, no one could climb up the tremendous precipices of bare rock, some of them a thousand or fifteen hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular—sometimes, indeed, overhanging the defile. A sudden turn brings before you not only a grand view of the Jungfrau and the Breithorn, but likewise the celebrated falls of the Staubbach. We rode, clattering through the village of real Swiss houses, stopping for a moment at the principal inn, to order saddle-horses, and then on through a steep, sunny lane, toward the falls. Many visitors had preceded us, and a dozen carriages must have been drawn up, waiting for their occupants, while a crowd of guides stood around. The lane was lined with little booths and shops, where women, in full Swiss costume, were trying to sell wood and ivory ear-rings, and children coaxed you to buy flowers plucked at almost inaccessible points on the mountains; here and there were girls selling photographs; old men with tamed marmots in their arms; at one place a cannon was fired (for ten cents a shot), in order that the foreigners might hear the wonderful echo—and wonderful it is, indeed; and, close to the fall, a man was stationed, with an Alpine horn, seven or eight feet long, with a great square end, by means of which he made a prodigious noise, eliciting three distinct repetitions from the bleak, granite precipice on each side of the valley. Over the top of the precipice, eight or nine hundred feet above the road, falls the mountain-stream, called the Staubbach. It is all fall and no water, for, by the time it reaches the level of the valley, two-thirds of its original volume has passed off in spray. It is certainly very pretty, but not to compare with the romantic loveliness of Giessbach. It is all very fine to talk about its looking like the tail of a white horse waving in the wind; but if any horse had so thin a tail, it would never find a purchaser. I do not find any fault with the Staubbach; it no doubt does as well as it can; but, after the rain of yesterday, I think it might have gathered a little more water to throw over the precipice. I have a predilection for water, when I go to look at water-falls.

As we remounted our horses to begin the ascent of the Wengern Alp, heavy mists obscured our view of the valley, and clouds rapidly gathered about the Jungfrau and the great Eiger, now in front of us. But, as the sun gained more power, they were dissipated from time to time, and we could see the mighty summits covered with fresh-fallen snow, and behind us the distant valley of Interlaken, with its many hotels. When we reached the top of this very high climb, we were rewarded by the gradual disappearance of the clouds at the most beautiful spot, thus affording us a sublime near view of the majestic Jungfrau, then of the Eiger and the White Monk, with a glimpse of the

mighty Schreckhorn (the Peak of Terror) in the distance. Our road was over a bald spur of some smaller mountain, and a deep, deep ravine went down on our left, its profundity hidden by the tops of the pines. On its farther side, for two or three miles—perhaps more—was a gigantic wall of dark-gray granite, seamed with a thousand lines, broken by water-courses and the tracks of tremendous avalanches, and supporting the vast masses of ice, snow, and granite, known by the names I have given above—their silver heads now lost in clouds, or appearing between them glittering in brilliant sunlight, while all below was dark, sombre, and threatening.

There is a dreadful solemnity in the utter solitude, in the terrific precipices, in the never-entered caverns, whose yawning mouths show the intense darkness within, and in the streams of water falling suddenly over some rocky ledge and lost to nothingness before they are a tenth part of their way to the valley; more than all, in the silence, broken only by the echo of the horses' hoofs, or the rolling of snow and ice from point to point, far above the floating clouds. While we were passing over this terrific place, I heard a sound that struck me as resembling the descriptions I had read of avalanches. I stopped my uneasy quadruped and listened. The sound increased momentarily, and, as we looked over toward the peaks, now nearly encircled by clouds, we saw an avalanche pouring down, apparently from the clouds themselves, leaping from one narrow ledge down to another, increasing in momentum and in size at every leap, and finally disappearing over the tremendous granite precipice into the unknown depths of the ravine. It lasted several minutes, and fell several thousand feet from the time we first saw it. The noise was like thunder and the rattling of musketry combined. We were too distant to see whether the avalanche was merely of snow, or whether it brought down stone or ice from the glaciers, which showed themselves here and there with their sea-green waves. But the roar, the velocity, the vast cloud of snow, dust, and, I think, large blocks of ice, were enough to impress us all with its resistless force and power of destruction. There is, evidently, but a moment's warning of the approaching danger, and then the overwhelming volume of snow comes rushing down with destruction, and often death, in its train. The guide told us that the avalanche we had seen was one of the largest on this mountain since the early summer, when they are always frequent and large, on account of the breaking up of the winter snows.

After stopping to refresh ourselves at the hotel on the summit of the Wengern Alp, we began our long and difficult descent of the valley of the Grundenwald, where is to be seen the famous ice-cave, hollowed out of the Lower Glacier. I was mounted on an animal of the most restless and aggravating character, who was neither to be urged nor coaxed into doing any thing that was not perfectly agreeable to himself—sometimes moving at a snail's pace in the broadest and least dangerous places, and jumping with all four legs off the ground just on the edge of some tremendous precipice. More than once the wretched brute nearly threw me over his stupid head, and I could not help looking with a feeling of envy on the comfortable position of the ladies of our party, who were being carried in *chaises à porteurs*, by four or five stout fellows, who walked so rapidly over the steep, slippery path, that I could scarcely keep up with them. We were half way to the Glacier when the rain came down in torrents; we, nevertheless, pushed on, and, after a breathless walk of twenty minutes, found ourselves within a little cave, hollowed out of the solid ice—as fairy-like a grotto as any one could possibly imagine—the ice translucent with a faint bluish-green tint, and the cave much lighter than outside, with this singular illumination from a roof of ice sixty feet thick. A red Bengal fire, lighted for our entertainment, by no means increased its beauty, and filled the place with so vile an odor that we made haste to leave it as quickly as possible.

We had heard such bad accounts of the bridle-road over the Gemmi Pass, that I feared we should be obliged to give it up; there had been heavy rains and very little travel over it since June, on account of the intense heat and glare. The last rain had started the ice and snow, and in many places it was dangerously slippery. However, the next morning being perfectly clear, and the mountains comparatively free from mist, we entered a very comfortable travelling-carriage and started for the celebrated pass, taking, as we did so, a regretful leave of the beautiful Jungfrau, not only of the Capital Hôtel, so called, but of the grand mountain itself, which looked more lovely than we had ever seen it, being clothed in a pure white mantle of fresh snow, which had fallen on it while we in the valleys had

been suffering from rain, and which looked more intensely white than the whitest clouds. All its sharp lines in the upper pinnacles and crests seemed drawn to a finer edge and point by the glittering snow, which, in some places, had fallen down in great masses, rebounding from ledge to ledge, and leaving traces like gigantic footprints on the untrodden fields. Our route for the first hour lay along the borders of Lake Thun to Spitz—a small town so named because it is built upon a "spit," or narrow point of land jutting out into the lake. Looking toward Interlaken, the view was exceedingly fine. Above the green hills close to the lake, towered the limestone bulwarks of the range of the Bernese Alps, and above them again came into sight some of the highest, snow-capped peaks. All our old friends made their appearance—the Jungfrau, the Breithorn, the Eiger, the White Monk, and, higher than all the others, the Wetterhorn, its granite peaks crowned with two piles of new-fallen snow. At Spitz, we turned off from the lake of Thun, and, after enjoying a fine view of the Stockhorn, went inland, leaving the beautiful pyramidal Niesen on our right, and slowly toiling up the interminable hills. Presently we saw the magnificent Schreckhorn far off on the left. You cannot imagine the beautiful effect of these intensely-white peaks, soaring up above the thickly-wooded hills, in the foreground, relieved by a clear, blue sky. The foliage, in some places, was beginning to change, and I found the coloring of the leaves was as vividly red and orange as with us. The abundance of fruit in these valleys is almost incredible; the huge apples grow so closely together, and in such profusion, that every branch, of some of the trees, looks like a rope of large onions.

The plum-trees are really purple with plums, and it is by no means uncommon to meet carts laden with them, or with pears, which are equally plentiful. I never saw so much fruit as in the valley which extends from Spitz to the town of Frütigen, where we lunched. The road is lined with substantial dwellings and farm-houses, all of them built in the Swiss-cottage style, and almost all of them scrupulously neat and apparently clean. Every part of the ground is cultivated, and the orchards are perfectly delightful with their rows of great apple-trees, their branches bent to the ground with the weight of the rosy-cheeked fruit, the bright-green grass underneath looking as soft as velvet on the gentle slopes. The mountains enclosing the valley of Frütigen are not very high, and are cultivated up as far as the base of the precipices, which rise from a fringe of pines in the same sort of castellated form as the Palisades of the North River, but not so monotonous. Every now and then, through the gorges on the left, we caught glimpses of the Blunliis Alp; then a mass of snow, although it was almost a bare rock when last we saw it from Righi. This disappeared from view as we approached Frütigen, and, instead of it, we had the Rinderhorn, the magnificent Altels, and the White Spitz, all snow-clad and closing in the different branches of the valley. The Hôtel Belvedere, at which we stopped to rest the horses and to refresh ourselves, is outside the town and overlooks it, commanding a beautiful view of the valley shut in by the Altels, and of the old castle of Fellenburg, now used as the poor-house of the canton, a terrible fall from its former state and ancience. It stands on a little conical hill, and must have been a post of great strength. Now, with its white-washed walls and modern roofs, it presents no trace of picturesque character, its situation alone giving it prominence. I never can forget the scenery of this lovely valley, which, after leaving Frütigen, gradually lost its character of fertility and high cultivation, the mountains approaching each other, and the beautiful, verdant slopes becoming sterile and precipitous. Pines grew everywhere, clinging to the narrow crevices of the rocks, and flourishing as if growing in an open field. Great bowlders and masses of rock were strewed all over the valley, impeding the movements of the rapid stream in its course through it. As we advanced, the scenery became still wilder; nearly every sign of human habitation had disappeared, except a few small *chalets*, an occasional Swiss with a load of vegetables, or a group of amiable cows, each with a broad leather collar and a bell under her chin. You have no idea what pleasant music is made by a herd of cattle; there are no fences, and the people who own the cows and goats provide each one with a collar and bells, and many households club together to engage a herdsman, who has his post as watchman over the whole number of cattle, driving them to pasture in the morning, and back again at night. When they stray out of his sight the bells proclaim their whereabouts, and he has but little difficulty in finding them. The bells are made of good metal and have a clear, de-

aided tone, and I have sometimes heard them on the hills, sounding like a distant chime, in the cool, transparent mountain-air.

The sun had set when we reached the *Hôtel de l'Ours*, which is the last house in the valley, and where horses are always taken to ascend the *Gemmi Pass*. I looked in vain for any signs of road or path up the tremendously steep hills rising on every side, and was quite at a loss to guess where it quitted the valley and wound upward among the rocks and trees. At this point of *Kanderstag* the hills seem to close in, forbidding farther progress—a wild torrent dashing down from an inaccessible height, boiling and foaming over the enormous rocks, and then plunging on turbulently through the more level portion of the valley. The sun had set when we reached the hotel, and the desolate grandeur of the view impressed me as one of the most picturesque and melancholy landscapes I ever saw.

The pass of the *Gemmi* is between the valleys of the *Aar* and the *Rhone*, which are separated by a range of lofty mountains, forming the boundary between the cantons of

*Bern* and *Valais*. The stories told at *Interlaken* about the roads having been injured by the slipping down of ice and snow were all fabrica-

tions, as we soon discovered. Next morning we started on our journey, taking the path that wound up through the pine-trees by the side

of the waterfall. As we ascended we heard voices calling aloud, and for a moment supposed it might be a warning for us of some impending danger on the road; but found that the cries proceeded from two men who were trying to find their goats, which it seemed had strayed away the morning before. For at least an hour after we could still hear their shouts, so clear is the atmosphere in these lofty regions. Beyond the pine-woods we saw chalky water running rapidly over the rough bed. Above us rose the great snow-dome of the *Weisse Spitze*, and the broken summit of the *Rinderhorn*, two of the tallest peaks in this region. We soon after reached the plateau, which was once a luxuriant "Alp" of pasture-land, but now a mere howling wilderness, a scene of utter desolation. Although so high above *Kanderstag*, it is encompassed by still higher hills, bleak and desolate; while on its left towers the shattered *Rinderhorn*, an immense section of which created all this frightful waste



SWISS CATTLE AND SHEPHERDS.



AN ALPINE HORN.

hills, bleak and desolate; while on its left towers the shattered *Rinderhorn*, an immense section of which created all this frightful waste

by falling down unnumbered years ago, and covering the whole valley with its ruins. The part still standing looks as if a severe storm would overthrow it, as the bare ribs of rock seem to be exposed, and the strata is like slate, ready to scale and crumble off. There is not the shadow of a blade of grass or tuft of moss to be seen, except in one remote corner, where some wretched hovels are huddled together, and a few miserable cows seek a scanty subsistence.

In the midst of this desolation we stopped at the isolated inn, which cowers under a projecting rock as if trying to get away from the fierce blasts of wind whistling across the ruined mountain. Within we found two English and three German pedestrians taking their breakfast, and, when we observed the general cheesy odor that pervaded the whole establishment, the smallness of the windows, and the close neighborhood of the stable, we were thankful that we had been obliged to sleep at Kanderstag instead of coming to this place as we had originally intended.

## "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

WHEN PAUL rises to the surface, sputtering and blowing unintentional bubbles, his first thought naturally is, "Where is Lenore?" At about three yards' distance from him he sees something white. He swims toward it, and catches at it; it is Lenore. Feeling his grasp, she flings out her two arms wildly, and clutches him spasmodically round the neck.

"Loose me!" he cries, breathlessly, still sputtering. "Lenore, Lenore! you will drown us both!"

But Lenore is too much blinded and deafened by the water to pay any heed to his remonstrances. She only clasps him the more convulsively. With a strong effort he manages to unlock her arms, and, grasping her firmly with one hand, with the other strikes out for shore.

Swimming in one's clothes is never pleasant, but swimming in one's clothes with only one hand at one's disposal—the other being occupied in supporting a perfectly helpless, inert woman—is more unpleasant still. Happily it does not last long; the adventure is not of heroic dimensions. Not half a dozen yards from the fatal lilies the bulrushes have advanced their thick green standards, and, where the bulrushes are, water is shallow and footing easily gained. The flags and the rushes swish against his face and buffet it rudely as he scrambles through them, half dragging, half carrying his companion through the deep river-mud and the chilly midnight waters. Having deposited her in a living bundle on the bank, he sits down beside her and pants. As for her, she is a little stunned by the shock of the plunging water; that is all. She is not wont to faint, and has not fainted now. Presently she sits up, and, pushing her dripping hair out of her bewildered eyes, says, gaspingly:

"Don't scold me; it was you that did it."

"I know it was," he answers, as distinctly as the chattering of his teeth will let him.

"Well, you did not let me drown after all, you see," she says, with a smile that, though forlorn and drenched, is still half malicious.

"Well, no; not this time."

They look at one another for a minute, then both burst into a simultaneous fit of violent laughter.

"What a ridiculous drowned rat you do look!" cries she, politely.

"The same to you," he answers, grimly, as he sits dripping dismally on the dry June grass.

"What have you done with your hat?"

"The same as you have done with yours, I fancy."

"And Mima's Connemara cloak?"

"Half-way back to Connemara by now."

"I have lost one of my shoes," says the girl, half crying, "and the other is full of mud."

She looks up at him piteously, as innocently as a baby might do. The Rance has washed all the coquetry out of her eyes, on whose long lashes the river-drops are hanging.

"How shall I ever get home? I shall have to hop all the way."

"Perhaps I might carry you," he says, not unkindly, leaning forward to examine the unlucky shoe; while his nose, and his beard, and his short hair, water the buttercups and refresh them.

"Carry me!" she cries, derisively. "Why, I weigh nine stone eight! I might as well talk of carrying you!"

He is not particularly anxious to carry her, and does not repeat his offer.

"How cold I am!" she says, shuddering. "How it runs down one's back, does not it? I wish one's clothes would not stick to one like court-plaster. I am sure it will be the death of me."

"By-the-by," cries he, a brilliant idea striking him, and beginning to search frantically in his coat-pockets (we, in Dinan, never dress for dinner, therefore he is still in his shooting-jacket), "if it is not gone—no, thank God! here it is!"—drawing out a little silver flask—"take a pull at it, it will keep the life in you."

"What is it?"

"Brandy."

"Will it make me drunk?" she asks, gravely, holding it in her hand, and trembling all over like a smooth-haired terrier on a frosty day.

He laughs. "No such luck. It would be the best thing that could possibly happen to you if it did; but it will not, I am afraid. Go on."

She obeys, and drinks. It burns her throat, but her teeth become a shade less vocal. He follows her example; and then, jumping to his feet, gives himself a prodigious shake, like a Newfoundland who has just deposited the recovered stick at his master's feet.

"Come on," he says; "we had better be getting home as quick as we can. Let us pray that we may meet no one! I feel uncommonly small, do not you?"

"Uncommonly!" replies Lenore, with assenting emphasis.

"Give me your hand, and let me help you up."

She does as he bids her, and as she rises to her feet a fresh deluge rustles, drips, pours down from her.

"How heavy water is!" she says, staggering. "I have half the Rance about me. I feel like the woman who was killed by the weight of her jewels."

"Stay; let me wring out your clothes a little for you."

He kneels before her on the grass, and with both hands twists and strains, and wrings her thin flabby gown and her soaked petticoats, as a laundress might.

"There, is that better?"

"Yes, thanks. I think so—a little," replies she, doubtfully.

"Come on, then,"—employing the invariable phrase with which a Briton embarks upon any undertaking, from a walk with his sweetheart upward to a Balaklava charge. Without more speech, they begin to tramp along the towing-path, leaving behind them a track as of a thunder-shower or a leaky water-cart. On to the landing-stage, up the steep steps to the highway. At the corner of the silent, shining road, a great rock abutting casts a sharp, black shadow; and out of this shadow, and into the light come two people, running in disorderly haste.

"Your sister and West to the rescue," says Le Mesurier, speaking for the first time since they set off homeward.

"My long-lost Frederick!" says Lenore, with grim merriment; "flying to the river-side to poke about for my dead body with drags and a boat-hook. How I wish we could avoid them! How small and thin, and drowned, I feel!"

"Lenore, is that you? where have you been? how wet you are! what has happened?" cries Jemina, incoherently, scorning punctuation, and precipitating herself upon her sister.

"Jemima, my sin has found me out," replies Lenore, solemnly. "I made Mr. Le Mesurier take me out on the water; and, in order to pay off all old scores, he upset me."

"And himself into the bargain," says Le Mesurier, laughing.

"Jemima, your Connemara cloak is just about arriving at St.-Malo; so is my hat, so is Mr. Le Mesurier's."

"And you are not hurt, only drenched?" cries West, tremulously; and, forgetting his shyness, lays an audacious hand upon one of the shoulders that are glimmering, so wet and shining, through her transparent gown.

"Not hurt, only drenched," she echoes, laughing cheerily, and eluding him, while her face smiles out, pale and pretty and altered, from the thick frame of heavy damp hair that cleaves so closely and

lovingly to cheeks and throat. "See, Jemima!" exhibiting a small, muddy foot, "my right shoe has gone the way of all shoes."

"A very blessed upset!" says Paul to himself, half an hour later, oracularly shaking his head, as he scrambles into dry clothes at the Hôtel de la Poste. "She was doing her best to make a fool of me, and she had all but succeeded."

#### CHAPTER X.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

A WEEK has gone by. Lenore's teeth no longer chatter. She is quite dry again, and has bought a new hat seven times more coquetish than the drowned one. She keeps, however, a tender memento of her adventure with Paul in the shape of a sore throat and trifling cough, which not even the unwonted dose of cognac has kept off. Breakfast at the Hôtel de la Poste is over. The twenty or thirty commercial travellers and clerks, who, according to the wont of French hotels, share that feast with the visitors and tourists, have disappeared again into private life. Paul is sitting in the little dark saloon, writing a letter to his sister, with a faltering pen. Paul's calligraphy is rather like that of John Bull, of the Chancery bar, who wrote three several hands: one that no one but himself could read, one that his clerk could read and he could not, and one that *nobody* could read. Paul is just staring hard at his production, and wondering what on earth was the mystic remark that he had made at the top of the second page—searching his mind for the history of the past week, in order to be able to give a guess as to what it was likely to have been, when the door opens, and admits Mr. West.

"Le Mesurier!"

"Well" (not looking up).

West enters, and walks over to the window.

"Well," says Paul again, abandoning the idea of reading over his letter, and beginning to fold it.

West advances to the table, and lays a small, tremulous hand on his friend's broad shoulder.

"Le Mesurier, I—I—have a favor to ask of you."

"My dear fellow, do not say that it is to lend you five pounds," cries Le Mesurier, in affected alarm. "I have had severe losses myself lately; I have a heavy engagement to meet to-morrow—"

"Oh, pooh! it is not that, of course; but—but—I have something to say to you."

"Say on."

"Not *here*" (glancing round uneasily); "we might be overheard."

"By whom? The noble army of shop-boys dispersed itself half an hour ago, and the landlord informed me yesterday that the only English word he knew was, 'Snap, snap, snorum, a cockolorum!'"

"Would you mind coming outside for a moment?" says Frederick, pertinaciously.

"All right. Give us a light."

He leisurely folds and directs his letter, and then takes out and lights a cigar, while West stands beside him, shifting feverishly from leg to leg, and rolling up his dumpling hat into a hundred weird shapes. They emerge from the hotel-door; the *voiture* is just starting for Caulnes, drawn by a pony and a huge white horse, both in the worst possible spirits. A man, all clad in white flannel, is stepping into the interior; a fat priest, with his limp cassock clinging about his legs, climbing up into the dusty *banquette*; the blue-bloused driver mending a reef in the rotten rope-harness; and, over all, the broad sun laughing down, and the lime-flowers from the Place du Guesclin shaking out their lovely scent on the morning air. The two men cross the street, enter the place, and sit down on a bench—the very one on which Paul and Lenore sat in the dark a week ago.

"Well," says Le Mesurier, expectantly, after they have sat three minutes without speaking.

"I am going home—to England," says Frederick, abruptly.

"Have you brought me out here to tell me that?" asks Paul, banteringly.

Silence!

"So you are going now, are you, eh?" pursues Paul, carelessly. "So will I, I think. Let us toss who shall pay—heads or tails," throwing up a napoleon into the air and catching it.

But Frederick's thoughts are far enough away from heads or tails. The *diligence* is just moving off.

"Allez! allez!" cries the driver, flicking with his long whip the old white horse's sharp back. The bells give a cracked jingle; off they go!

"I am naturally particularly loath to leave this place just now," says West, his spectacles mournfully fixed on the lessening vehicle.

"Are you?" says Le Mesurier, staring at him obtusely. "Why? and why *naturally*?"

Frederick pulls a supple lime-leaf that is fluttering just above his nose, and tears it into thin green strips.

"I thought," he says, blushing and stammering, "that you must have seen that there was—was something between me and—and—and Miss Lenore."

Paul shakes his head.

"Indeed I cannot say that I ever noticed any thing of the kind," he answers, bluntly, feeling rather angry, he cannot imagine why.

"Did not you?" (pushing his spectacles down on the bridge of his nose, and gazing over them with meek surprise at his friend). "I fancied that my attachment—my—my *devotion*—must have been patent to the most superficial observer."

"My dear fellow, of course they were," says Paul, laughing, not ill-naturedly. "But you said something *between* you and Miss Lenore. Now, the word *between* implies that there are *two* to the bargain."

"And you think that there is only one to this bargain?" says Frederick, despondently, looking down, while the blush fades out of his face, and the gay notes run up and down about his hair.

"Good Lord! West" (a little impatiently), "how can I tell? Does the girl confide in me, do you suppose?"

"No doubt you think," says Frederick, turning toward his companion again, while his sensitive mouth twitches painfully, "that I am not the sort of man to take a handsome, spirited girl's fancy?"

"How can I tell?" repeats Le Mesurier, embarrassed by the exactitude with which his friend has hit his thought.

"Different men are of different opinions;  
Some like apples, some like inlons—"

and I dare say women are the same."

How drowsily the bees are humming high up among the faint, thick blooms! It is enough to send one to sleep.

"After all," says Frederick, brightening a little under the influence of his companion's homely saw, "I am not altogether sure that the mere fact of her treating me cavalierly—chaffing me, calling me names, and so forth, tells entirely against me. It is the way of some girls, I believe. Even if Lenore *did* like a fellow, she would die sooner than show it.

"Would she?" says Le Mesurier, with a half-absent smile, throwing his head back, and staring up into the flickering, tremulous leafage above him, while his thoughts travel back over the past week, to the silver wash of a midnight stream—to a lady, with pearly lights playing about her, holding out a water-lily to him, and saying, with a slow, soft smile, "Take it, then." He is woke out of his trance by two Breton housewives, chattering past in those shrill, acrechy voices that God has given to Frenchwomen alone, as they step out stoutly in their short, heavy, and trim black-stuff stockings.

"Now I have told you the state of things with me," says Frederick, with a nervous laugh, "perhaps you can guess what is the favor I am going to ask of you."

"I?" says Le Mesurier, giving a great start, and looking thoroughly puzzled.

"Guess."

"Not I. Perhaps" (with a brilliant flash of intuition) "it is to ask me to be best man: only that is no great favor, and it is rather premature—is not it?"

Frederick jumps up suddenly.

"If you are going to make a jest—" he says, with a hurt intonation.

"My good fellow," cries Paul, energetically, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "I give you my word of honor that I know no more than the dead what you are driving at. I never was good at guessing. I never found out a riddle in all my life. I give it up."

West looks at him distrustfully; but, seeing no mirth, only boundless bewilderment, in his friend's ugly face, he continues, speaking with difficulty, looking down, and kicking about some stray cherry-stones that a former occupant of the bench has left strewn on the ground:

"I do not know why it is, I am sure—cannot make out—but you have certainly more influence with Miss Lenore than any one else has."

"Have I?" says Paul, shortly, turning away his head.

"She will do for you what she will not do for either her sister or me."

"Will she?" still more shortly, while a slight flattered flush rises to his forehead. "I really have not discovered it."

"And, such being the case," continues West, with increasing hesitation, stammering, floundering, and reddening ever more and more, "I thought that perhaps you might—"

"I might *what*?" asks Paul, still staring stupidly at his friend.

"I thought," says West, plunging desperately *in medias res*, seeing that he is not likely to get much help from his companion's intelligence, "that you might perhaps—say something about me to her—sound her feelings with regard to me, to a certain extent."

"I!!!" says Paul, turning sharp round, the mystified expression of his face giving place to one of enormous astonishment. "I! my dear West? Are you *quite* cracked?"

"She would, at all events, give you a hearing," says Frederick, downcast, but pertinacious.

"Would she?" cries the other, laughing violently. "I very much doubt it. She would be more likely to bang the door in my face, and tear out my few remaining hairs, and quite right, too."

"Perhaps it is because you saved her life," pursues West, ruefully, keeping on his own tack.

"Saved her life!" breaks in Paul, now really angry. "My good fellow, for God's sake, do not talk like a fool, whatever you do! To upset a woman into a ditch, and then pull her out, can hardly be termed 'saving her life,' even in these days, when every little thing is called by some big name."

Silence. The little yellow lights glancing and flashing up and down about their hats and coats.

"West," says Paul, abruptly, rising from his seat, thrusting his hands down to the very bottom of his pockets, in his favorite attitude, and looking full and keenly into his companion's downcast face, "suppose you got Miss Lenore, what on earth would you do with her?"

"Do with her?" repeats West, staring. "What do you mean?"

"Can you fancy that girl a parson's wife?" says Le Mesurier, beginning to laugh, while with inner vision he sees again that dare-devil smile, those lovely half-lowered eyes, that had kindled such unwilling fire in his own cold veins. "Do not be angry with me, West; I could not stop laughing now if you were to kill me. I think I see her holding forth at a mothers' meeting, or teaching at a Sunday-school! Poor little wretches! would not she cuff them!"

"She is so young," says Frederick, deprecatingly. "I should hope that one might be able to *mould* her—"

"*Mould* her?" echoes Paul, derisively. "My dear boy, it would take you all your time. She would comb your hair with a three-legged stool."

A pause.

"I am to understand, then," says Frederick, trying to speak stiffly, but with a suspicion of tears in his voice, "that you decline to help me?"

"Decline to propose to Miss Lenore for you? I do, distinctly," replies Paul, stoutly.

"Perhaps," says Frederick, with the easy, baseless jealousy of un-lucky love, "you would have no such objection to speak to her on your own account?"

A dark, unbecoming flush rushes over Le Mesurier's face.

"I?" he says, angrily. "What are you talking about, West? Must everybody be in love with her because you are? Did not I tell you, the very first day I saw her—the day that she took it into her head to play that unaccountable prank—very bad form it was, too—that she was not my style? No more she is. I must say that she improves upon acquaintance; but no, no—not my line at all."

Frederick sits down upon the bench again, in a stooped, shapeless attitude of utter despondency.

"Why cannot you ask her yourself?" inquires Le Mesurier, with

a mixed feeling of compassion for the sufferer's misery and raging contempt for his poverty of spirit. "If a thing is worth having, it is surely worth asking for."

"It would be no use," replies West, dejectedly; "she would not listen to me—she never does; she would only laugh, and turn every thing I said into ridicule."

"Why on earth do not you go in for the old one instead?" asks Paul, impatiently. "She would suit you down to the ground. *She* would listen to you fast enough, and *she* would not *need* any moulding."

"I dare say it would have been happier for me if I could have fancied her," replies West, with the admirable conceit of man, in whose vocabulary "ask" and "have" are supposed to be interchangeable terms. "She is a dear, good girl, and really fond of parish work. But no, no" (with a heavy sigh), "that is impossible now."

He covers his face with both hands, and relapses into silence. Paul eyes him doubtfully for a few minutes; then, laying his hand on his shoulder, says, not unkindly:

"Cheer up, old man! It is a long lane that has no turning. I would do any thing *in reason* I could for you, for old acquaintance' sake; but what you ask is *not* in reason—come, now, is it?"

"Perhaps not" (in a stifled voice).

"She would box my ears, or order me out of the house, as likely as not; she is quite capable of either," says Paul, trying to steel himself in his resolution in proportion as he finds it melting under the fire of his compassion.

"No doubt—I ought not to have asked you," West says, lifting his face from his hands, which fall nervelessly on his knees. "I should not have thought of doing so if I had not known what an opinion she had of you."

"Has she?" says Paul, coloring again slightly, while a warm glow of self-satisfaction steals pleasantly over him. "But now, my dear fellow, do think what a fool I should look. How should I begin? How should I go on? How should I finish?"

"I would leave all that to you, of course."

"No, no," says Le Mesurier, rising hastily; "upon my soul, I cannot; it is impossible. I have no opinion of go-betweens. Ask for yourself, and take your answer, whatever it is, like a man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MORTON HOUSE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—CHECKMATED.

ON Saturday afternoon, St. John took his usual sunset stroll, which invariably led him past the Marks residence, into the country toward Morton House. He was in good spirits—in high spirits, in fact—for, by the Chesselton mail of the morning before, he had received a letter posted at the stage-house from which Gillespie had taken up his goggle-wearing passenger (a country post-office, as well as stage-house), advising him of the safety thus far of his associate. Added to this, he was under the impression that Mr. Warwick had "gone off on a wrong scent." Not an hour had elapsed from the time at which that gentleman halted for a moment at the hotel piazza to speak to his friend Mr. Ashe, before the group of loungers were discussing the fact of his having taken Jimmy Powell and started to Saxford. Everybody had heard Hugh Ellis's account of the man who was at the bank with the ragged note, and was aware that Jimmy Powell believed he had seen the same man, on the same day, in his father's store; it was known that Mr. Warwick had been at the stage-office, making the most minutely particular inquiries; and somebody had met Mr. Warwick with Jimmy Powell in his buggy, travelling toward Saxford. With such circumstantial evidence, the inference was clear, thought the gossiping loungers and their interested auditor—Mr. Warwick had gone to Saxford in pursuit of the burglars, and had taken the boy along to identify the one he had seen. And while Mr. Warwick's admiring townsmen exulted in anticipation at the success which they were sure awaited him, St. John smiled to himself sarcastically, and with intense satisfaction, at the failure which he was as confident the lawyer would meet with.

He was thinking of this failure, congratulating his *confrère* in

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crime and himself on the admirable conception and execution of their daring exploit, and altogether in a better humor with Fortune than he had been for many a day before, when a curve in the road he was pursuing, brought him into an open and rather elevated space of ground, over which a crimson light from the blazing western sky was at the moment streaming. St. John was no lover of Nature. He did not turn to admire the magnificent sunset; but having just emerged from between two walls of lofty and dense forest, which had made an almost twilight gloom around him, he was surprised to find that the sun was not yet set, and he paused an instant to look at his watch. As he stood motionless, his figure was so clearly defined in the broad light, and against the background of sun-gilded forest, that Mr. Warwick, who was advancing from the opposite direction, though at least a quarter of a mile distant from the place where he stood, recognized the slender and elegant form at once. As it chanced that he was just approaching the gates of Morton House, he checked his horses.

"I have business here that I must stop to attend to" he said. "I suppose you can drive on to town alone, Jimmy?"

"Certainly, sir."

"You will find Cyrus at my office. Just hand the horses over to him." He alighted, and held out his hand with a cordial smile. "I shall not forget the service you have rendered me, my boy. Good-evening."

St. John, discovering that it was so much earlier than he had thought, walked on, with his eyes on the ground, as was his habit, and his thoughts still dwelling upon the success of his late "venture." He was considering whether it would not be safest to destroy the paper, rather than run the risk of detection at any future time in attempting to pass it. This question had already been discussed by his associate and himself; for, even before he had heard of the precautions taken by the cashier to stop the notes, he was aware of the danger attending the illicit possession of bank-paper. But it had been decided to keep it, on the chance of being able to realize at least a part of it, after the excitement about the robbery had blown over. He had intended to insist on one point—that not a dollar of it should be used, until he himself was safe out of the country. His own safety once assured, he was not uncomfortably solicitous about that of the man whom he regarded merely as a tool forced upon him by Fate.

Engrossed in meditations so interesting, Mr. St. John gave but the most careless glance at the buggy he met and passed. He had left behind him the sunny knoll which had betrayed his presence to Mr. Warwick, as the road again entered between aisles of thick forest growth, when suddenly he lifted his eyes with a sense of instinctive apprehension, and perceived at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards before him on his path, and advancing at a quick pace toward him, a man he instantly recognized as the lawyer whom he had supposed to be at that very time in Saxford. He was startled—so much startled, that, for once, presence of mind deserted him. He turned and began to retrace his way to the village, hoping thus to avoid the most transient meeting with a man for whom he had felt, from the first moment he ever saw him, a sense of unequivocal distrust—a distrust amounting to positive fear under present circumstances. After a moment or two, he felt somewhat reassured from his first panic. What pretext could the man find for addressing him? So thinking, he walked more slowly, and endeavored to collect himself to meet with a properly supercilious wonder any salutation which the lawyer might make. But notwithstanding his resolution his heart beat quickly, as near and nearer behind sounded the sharp, firm tread that was overtaking him rapidly. Just as he had left the forest shade once more, and stood in the full light of the setting sun, a voice at his side said:

"Good-evening, Mr. St. John."

He turned with an air of affected surprise, cast a single glance at the speaker, responded coldly, "Good-evening," and fell back a pace, with the obvious intention of letting the other pass on. But Mr. Warwick, instead of taking the hint, stepped a little forward, and faced so as to impede the way.

"This chance meeting has saved me the trouble of hunting you up in Tallahoma, Mr. St. John," he said, quietly. "We will sit down on this log, if you please. I have something to say to you."

The tone, the manner, above all, the expression of those piercing blue eyes, struck terror to the guilty man's soul. He quailed for an instant; but, rallying then by a great effort, answered sneeringly:

"Really, sir, you are very obliging. But, to the best of my recol-

lection, I have not the honor of your acquaintance. You probably mistake me for some other person."

He would have moved on, but the tall form of the lawyer effectually barred the way. The only possibility of escape was by positive flight; but reckless, and morally degraded as St. John was, there still remained with him one at least of the instincts of gentlemanhood—courage. He could not fly from an adversary: on the contrary, the very sense of open antagonism gave to him an unaffected boldness of bearing and of feeling, which the consciousness of crime had almost paralyzed the moment before. He met Mr. Warwick's eye undimly, as he said with supercilious *hauteur*:

"What is the meaning of this insolence, sir?"

Mr. Warwick smiled. "I am a little premature, I admit, in claiming your acquaintance," he said, in so ordinary a tone that only a very nice ear could have detected an inflection of mockery in it; "but I have a little document to present to you, which will correct the informality—a letter of introduction from your friend Mr. Gilbert Didier *alias* Dr. Joyner, *alias* Mr. Johnson, *alias* etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum*, I have no doubt."

He took out his pocket-book deliberately—though he kept his eye on St. John—opened it and produced a small, sealed note, which he extended.

St. John did not move to take it. His sallow face had grown actually livid, and he reeled as he stood, almost like one drunken. Mr. Warwick had the character of being a hard man; but, as he gazed at the cowering form that only a moment before had worn so brave a front, an expression very much like that of compassion passed over his face. It vanished, however, as he saw the instinct of the brave flash into the eyes of the detected criminal. He was prepared for this; and, as St. John plunged his hand into his bosom, he himself threw forward his right hand, and St. John, before he saw the weapon, heard the click of a pistol as it was cocked.

"If you withdraw your hand, I fire," said the lawyer, in a tone not to be misunderstood. "You see that, in every sense, you are in my power—in my power absolutely. If you wish to save your life and your reputation, you will not attempt useless resistance, but will follow the example of your associate whom I yesterday evening caused to be arrested and lodged in Chesselton Jail for the late robbery of the bank at Tallahoma, and who has confessed his guilt."

He paused, and, with his pistol still covering St. John's person, waited for an answer—waited patiently enough, for he saw that a terrible struggle was going on in the mind of the miserable man, and he believed it would end in the manner he wished. So he stood, watchful but patient, as the thin and now fearfully pallid face worked with a convulsive passion frightful to behold. Suddenly the face grew calm, settling into an expression of half-sullen despair, of half-ferce defiance.

"What are your proofs against me?" he asked, with a directness which elicited Mr. Warwick's respect for his discretion in thus coming at once to an understanding of his position.

"Your promissory note in your own name to Didier, 'for one-half the specie secured in your late enterprise on the bank at Tallahoma'—I quote, you perceive, the wording of the note itself—with an acknowledgment that the whole amount of money stolen is in your possession, and that the paper shall be disposed of as hereafter agreed between Didier and yourself," was the reply, in a perfectly dispassionate and business-like tone.

St. John gnashed his teeth.

"Also," continued Mr. Warwick, in the same tone, "a letter of date of Thursday morning last, purporting to be from James Smith to Thomas Johnson, advising the latter that 'business goes on prosperously,' and so forth. The writing of this letter (though some attempt at disguising the hand was made), and the paper upon which it was written, would be recognized by a court of law as identical with those of the promissory note."

"The vile hound, so he betrayed me!" exclaimed St. John, more to himself than to Mr. Warwick.

But the latter answered:

"Joyner, or Didier, you mean, I suppose? No; I always give the devil his due. He did not betray you. I don't think he could have been induced to do so. I obtained the evidence I hold very much against his will by—Read his note. That, I presume, will explain."

Once more he held the note toward St. John, and the latter, with-



drawing his hand from his bosom, this time condescended to take it, though with an air of disdain. Tearing it hastily open, he read as follows:

"Don't think that I betrayed you, St. John. I did not even make the slightest admission about myself until after this infernal lawyer—curse him! Curse his whole tribe, for they are the same all the world over, from Lincoln's Inn to this damned out-of-the-way hole that I am caged in! I was going to say that I did not make the slightest admission about myself, much less about you, until after all was up by his discovery of the false bottom in my instrument-box that I showed you. I had stowed your note and letter in there for safety. I had hoped that you would escape with the money, for there was nothing to criminate you, or even to suggest a suspicion against you, until this infernal law-ferret scented out the box, and got possession of your note, and the tools that are my letters of credit and *open-sesame* into banks and out of prisons. After that it was no good in holding out, and I made the best terms I could with him for you as well as myself. Take my advice, and follow my example. You will get off easy if you make no difficulty about giving up the money, which is lost to us anyhow, and it will make considerable difference for me. Don't get into one of your devil's humors and refuse to listen to reason. You see he has evidence to convict you. And you owe it to me to do all you can for me, as I would have done for you for I'll be d—d if any thing would have induced me to betray you.

"Truly yours,

"GILBERT DIDIER."

"Have you seen this?" said St. John to the lawyer, when he had finished reading it.

"No."

"Is what he says true?"

Mr. Warwick took the note, which the other offered, with his left hand, and in turn ran his eye over its contents, without, however, suspending his vigilance as to St. John's movements.

"Yes, it is true," he answered, briefly.

"What are your terms?"

"I will spare you arrest and prosecution for the crime you have committed, and will keep your secret—not even telling it to my brother-in-law—on two conditions: first, that you at once give up the whole of the money; secondly, that you agree to leave this State and never return to it. If you refuse these conditions, I will arrest you on the spot. You look as if you thought that would not be easy to do—he interrupted himself to say, as St. John's lip curled into a sneering smile—"but you are mistaken. As I told you a minute ago, you are in my power absolutely. The first movement that you make to possess yourself of the pistol that you have in your bosom, I will disable you. I don't intend to kill you, but I'll wing you; both sides, if necessary. I am the more powerful man of the two, and could then deal with you easily myself. But I need not be at that trouble. I have only to raise my voice and shout for assistance to be heard by some of the Morton negroes. The quarters are just round the point of that wood, and the hands are in from work by this time. They know me, and will obey any orders I give them."

St. John's eyes sank to the ground, and he gnawed his lip sullenly, without speaking.

Mr. Warwick, after a minute's silence, resumed:

"Decide at once whether you accept my conditions. I am in a hurry."

"What terms do you offer as regards Didier?"

"I have not made public the evidence that I hold against him. He was arrested at my instance, on suspicion of having been connected with the burglary. I need not say that my evidence is sufficient to convict you both. He was aware of this, or he would not have made the admissions which he did to me privately—for he is a bold scoundrel. I must do him that justice. On the restoration of the money, I will withdraw my accusation against him, and he shall be released, on condition that he, too, leaves the country. I shall retain the proofs against both of you that I possess, and, if either breaks the condition I impose by coming back into the State, he will be coming to immediate arrest and prosecution."

"Your conditions won't do. I must have some of the money."

"Not a stiver!"

"You may whistle for it yourself, then. My arrest and conviction will not help you to a knowledge of where it is. Allow me five thou-

sand dollars—the reward which that fellow Marks has offered for its recovery—two thousand five hundred apiece to Didier and myself, and I will produce it. Otherwise—do your worst! I shall at least have the gratification of baffling you, and ruining your insolent brother-in-law."

Mr. Warwick smiled a second time.

"You are not as clever as you think yourself, Mr. St. John," he said. "You forget that your accomplice knows where the money is concealed. To give you a chance, he refused to treat with me himself on the subject. But I leave you to judge whether he is likely to persist in his silence when he learns that you threw away the chance thus afforded you, and as his own safety depends upon the restitution of the money. I give you terms much more favorable than you have any right to expect, because it will be less troublesome to me to receive the money immediately, and let you go, than to arrest and imprison you, and then make another journey to Chesselton to bring Didier up here. Once for all, do you take my conditions or not?"

There was a pause, a struggle—a bitter struggle in St. John's mind, before he answered, sullenly—

"Yes."

"Produce the money. I am aware that it is secreted in the woods somewhere hereabout. Deliver it to me at once."

Without a word the defeated man turned and walked toward the great iron gates that gave entrance to Morton House, his companion keeping beside him. The sun had set very shortly after the foregoing conversation commenced, and it was now deep dusk on the lonely road which they traversed; but when they entered the gates of Morton—they did enter, St. John leading the way still silently—there was something of twilight yet lingering in the more open path that they pursued; and the full moon was just rising grandly brilliant in the clear eastern heaven. St. John, after keeping the path for a short distance, plunged into the thickest of the wood, and finally stopped at a spot well chosen for the purpose to which it had been applied—a sort of miniature ravine that was shut in on all sides by a thick undergrowth, and surrounded by tall forest-trees. Halting beside the huge trunk of a fallen tree, he stirred among the dry leaves with his foot for an instant, then, stooping, took up by the handle a mattock which had been concealed there. Walking a few steps farther, to the foot of the tree, he again pushed away a quantity of dry leaves that filled a hollow caused by the violent uptearing from the earth of the roots of this forest monarch, which had been blown down by a hurricane, and proceeded to exhume with the mattock the treasure that he was forced to resign.

Mr. Warwick watched the work in silence; but when St. John, after removing the shallow layer of earth that had covered a pair of small leather saddle-bags, hauled it out with the mattock and pushed it with a heavy thump toward him, he said: "Is the money all here?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Keep your part of the agreement and I shall keep mine."

He picked up the saddle-bags, and they left the spot as silently as they had sought it; and it was not until they had regained the open path again that another word was spoken. Then Mr. Warwick paused and said:

"Our paths separate here. I have been travelling and am tired—and this is rather a heavy weight to carry from here to Tallahoma. I will cross the wood to Morton House, and borrow Mrs. Gordon's carriage to take me to town. Good-evening."

St. John deigned no reply. He waited to hear the conclusion of Mr. Warwick's speech—then, without a syllable, without even a glance, he turned and walked rapidly toward the gates.

Some short time afterward, to Mrs. Gordon's surprise, Harrison ushered Mr. Warwick into her sitting-room. He carried on his arm the leather saddle-bags, and, declining the servant's proposal to relieve him of it, deposited it himself on a side-table before accepting Mrs. Gordon's invitation to join her at her tea, which she was just taking.

"You do not drink tea," she said.—"Coffee, Harrison, and something a little more substantial than this." She pointed to the table.

While Harrison went to execute this order, the lawyer told his story, and preferred his request for the carriage.

"I tell this to you only," he said, after she had congratulated him cordially on the recovery of the money. "Having received the first hint of the man's guilt from you, I do not consider it a breach of my promise to tell you that your suspicion was just."

Harrison returned, here, with a reinforcement of edibles that quite transformed the appearance of Mrs. Gordon's tea-table; and, after taking his supper with the appetite of a man who has been travelling, and is in excellent spirits, Mr. Warwick said good-evening to his friend and hostess, and once more preferring to carry his saddle-bags himself (a little to the scandal of Harrison, who was old-fashioned in his ideas of the proprieties), he entered the carriage which was in readiness, and was soon set down at the garden-gate of the Marks residence.

Passing up the walk and through the piazza, he entered the dining-room, and found Mr. and Mrs. Marks its sole occupants—the children having been sent off to bed when the tea-table was removed, an hour before. He paused on the threshold of the door, and, himself unperceived, regarded for an instant, with a smile of dry humor, the disconsolate-looking pair. Mr. Marks, solemn-visaged and pale, sat gazing with a dull stare into the fire; while his wife, her usually busy hands folded in pathetic idleness, was looking sorrowfully at him.

"Well, Marks, I have brought you back part of your money," said Mr. Warwick, advancing into the room. "Just draw that little table forward, and we will count it, and see how much is missing."

Mr. Marks sat motionless, so startled and astonished was he by this unexpected appearance and address of his brother-in-law. He looked from Mr. Warwick's face to the saddle-bags on his arm, and back again, in dumb incredulity of the possibility of such good fortune; until the latter, growing tired of the weight, deposited it upon the knees of the stupefied cashier, while he himself fetched the table he had asked for, transferred to it a candle from the mantel-piece, lifted the saddle-bags again and set them down with a sounding thud beside the candle, drew a chair to the table, and sat down. Then, as he proceeded methodically to unbuckle one of the bags, life flashed back through Mr. Marks's stagnant veins, and he drew his chair forward with feverish eagerness—impatient of the slowness, as it seemed to him, with which Mr. Warwick's long white fingers did their work. One, two, three straps; and the buckles were new and stiff, hard to open. But the flap was lifted at last, and Mr. Warwick's hand brought forth bag after bag, and ranged them before the hungry eyes that looked on. When he had emptied both bags, he began telling over their contents. Twenty-four canvas bags—the mint mark, "\$1,000," bright and black on each—seals unbroken (with the exception of one, a little larger than the rest, which had been opened and was now tied at its mouth with a piece of red tape), and two packages of bank-notes. These Mr. Warwick examined first. He patiently counted the smallest package—the notes that had been in circulation. "Thirteen hundred and twenty-seven dollars," he said, as he put down the last bill. "That was the amount, was it not?"

"That was the amount," answered Mr. Marks, recovering speech.

"Now let us see whether this is right too," said the lawyer, unwrapping a newspaper that was folded loosely around the larger package.

"All right!" cried the cashier eagerly, as he saw that here too the seals were intact. "Good God! I never thought to see any of it again, and here it is just as I saw it last! This bag"—he took up the one that was tied—"has eighty dollars over the amount in the others. It was part of what I was to keep, and I put the eighty dollars in—"

"John, how did you get it back!" exclaimed Mrs. Marks, who had been literally inarticulate with joy up to this moment. "Oh, my dear, dear John, how did you get it back?"

"Never mind about that, Bessie," he answered, smiling. "All I can tell you is that I tracked down one of the burglars and made him disgorge."

"You've got him safe, I hope, for punishment?" said Mr. Marks.

"No. I could not secure the thief and the money both—so I preferred of the two to take the money," answered he, rising and standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire.

"But John—"

"If you ask me any more questions, Bessie, I'll make Marks pay me the five thousand dollars reward that he offered for the recovery of the money," interrupted her brother, with his slight and rare laugh.

"Why, you don't mean, John, that you're not going to tell us any thing more than this?"

"Yes, Bessie, I mean just that. I have conjured back the money—there it is!—and that must satisfy you."

"It satisfies me!" cried Mr. Marks, speaking like himself once more. "John, I don't know how to thank you!" He started up and began shaking Mr. Warwick's hand so hard that the latter could not restrain a slight grimace of pain.

"Don't try," he said, as he managed to withdraw the suffering member from that merciless grasp. "Where are the children? Not gone to bed already, surely?"

"Yes, they are gone to bed. It's not very early," answered Mrs. Marks, apologetically. "Why, what am I thinking of!—don't you want some supper, John?"

"Thank you, no—I have had supper. Have you heard any thing from or of Miss Tresham yet?"

"Not a word. And never shall, I expect." She sighed.

"There you are mistaken. I can give you some news of her."

"You can!"

"Yes." And he proceeded to describe his having found her in Hartsburg the week before, and all that had followed. The Markses were amazed, and even a little sympathetic so far as the brain-fever was concerned; but Mr. Marks remained firm in his resolution of having nothing more to do with her. "I liked her very much," he said, "and all may be right so far as she herself is concerned; but I'm convinced there's something wrong about this Mr. St. John, and there certainly is some connection between the two; so I think it safest to have nothing more to do with Miss Tresham. I've made up my mind to it, and I hope you won't try to change my resolution, John—"

"Certainly not," interrupted Mr. Warwick, a little coldly. "If you have made up your mind, that settles the matter. All I have to say is, that you are acting very hastily and very foolishly, in my opinion. I wonder if Tom has gone to bed, as well as the children?"

"Do you want him?"

"Yes; I should like to send word to Hugh Ellis that the money is safe."

"You're right!" cried Mr. Marks, with animation. "Poor Hugh! I'll go and send at once, and relieve his mind."

The message certainly relieved Hugh's mind, but it put his curiosity on the rack; and great was his disappointment the next morning when he learned that this curiosity was not to be gratified by any more satisfactory information than that very meagre account which the Markses had already heard. Nor was he alone in his disappointment at Mr. Warwick's reticence. All Lagrange felt defrauded and indignant; and St. John, as he sat next morning for the last time in the hotel piazza (he left in the Saxford coach at noon that day), listening to the gossip of the loungers, had the satisfaction—if in his existing frame of mind any thing could be a satisfaction to him—of hearing Mr. Warwick's obstinate refusal to give any explanation of how he recovered the money, commented upon and censured in the strongest terms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DR. PECHAL'S THEORY.

NOT long ago, the steamer *Ecliptic* brought to New York, among other passengers, a fat, frowzy man, rather short, and evidently a foreigner—though of what nationality, owing to his familiarity with languages, it was not easy to decide. He was not an engaging man, was supernaturally conceited, some said crazy. He wore a pair of unusually shiny spectacles—it was believed, to assist him in staring. His hair was long, tangled, and sandy, overhanging his coat-collar, and pushed back behind his ears. His luggage consisted of a ragged, black carpet-bag, which no one suspected of containing clothes.

The captain himself was not sacred from the intrusive impertinence of this man. The second day out, at dinner, he stared uninterceptedly for ten minutes at that officer, and then said:

"You must be a Scotchman!"

The captain's little hobby was, to be taken for an American; so he bowed somewhat stiffly, and continued his conversation with the American banker's wife at his right.

The frowzy foreigner drew from his pocket a greasy note-book, piloted his way through several pages with his dirty forefinger, till he arrived at a certain entry; then, with powerful assertiveness:

"You are forty-eight years old to-day!"

The captain was a young-looking man, perhaps not unwillingly so, especially in the eyes of his fair right-hand neighbor. So he looked up rather severely at the foreigner, and said, gruffly:

"Well, sir?"

"Of course," pursued the other, absorbed in his note-book—"all here, sir. I calculated your group some time ago; it comprises four, and possibly five. I met one last year in Turkey—a very pretty little girl. Whereabouts will you be seven weeks from to-day, captain?"

The captain's patience began to grow thin; but he commanded himself to reply, albeit somewhat testily:

"Give fair weather, off the southern coast of Ireland."

The frowzy foreigner was charmed. He bubbled over with an unclean smile; his teeth were dreadful.

"Right! quite right!" he exclaimed, rubbing his fat hands self-approvingly. "You will be drowned off that coast, sir; steamer founders, or you are washed overboard—cannot be sure which."

At this sally, every one, except the captain, either laughed or smiled. He, strange to say, turned pale and frowned slightly. The foreign lunatic calmly replaced his note-book, and resumed his dinner.

Could it have been a coincidence that, seven weeks from that day, in a heavy sea off the southern coast of Ireland, Captain McAlenny, of the Ecliptic, was washed overboard and lost? Curious, at all events! Moreover—though, what has this to do with it?—the little daughter of a prominent official in Constantinople died the same day, after the crisis of a long and painful fever.

The conceited foreigner was not, therefore, an agreeable companion. He was no respecter of persons; for he used up even a custom-house officer in this wise:

After transfixing him with an indignant and prolonged glare of his spectacles—"Why, you should have been dead two years ago. Your time expired in the summer of 1868. I saw one of your group condemned to be hanged for murder in June of that year, and I cannot be mistaken in you," said he, referring to his note-book.

The custom-house officer glared back in savage amazement. "Ef 'twarn't f' my wife 'nd child'n," he began, menacingly; but the fat foreigner's brow cleared up immediately, as if his mind were relieved from an immense load of perplexity.

"My dear sir—to be sure! How could I, of all men, make such an oversight? And now I recollect—his sentence was commuted—imprisonment for life. Let me see—your wife? ah, yes! she belongs also with the young Frenchman; and that Jew, I think, must be a connection. Well, well, sir, you're safe for six years yet." And the maniac departed in total apparent unconsciousness of the black wrath distorting the custom-house officer's visage.

Landed in New York, he grasped his ragged, black carpet-bag, and walked to the South-Sea Hotel. On his way he stopped to purchase a directory, and barely escaped being knocked down by the salesman because he informed him the only safe thing in his case was to marry a certain African lady, a resident of Guinea. Arriving at the hotel, he engaged a room for three days, and registered his name as Dr. Pechal, from Belgium. He eyed the gentlemanly clerk searchingly.

"Your hair *must* be dyed, sir," said he at last, firmly.

The gentlemanly clerk drew himself up haughtily. The doctor glared, and shook his frowzy head.

"No use, sir; it won't save you. No immediate danger, however; your group remains till the next decade."

In short, Dr. Pechal was not merely disagreeable—he was awful.

He entered and locked his room-door, opened the black carpet-bag and poured the contents on the table—nothing but old books! There were a volume of logarithms, life-insurance reports, works on phrenology and physiology, metaphysical compilations, directories of various cities, and, at the very bottom of the bag, a large manuscript volume, whose contents only the doctor knew.

He placed these paraphernalia of research in a semicircle upon the table, seated himself in the concavity of the arc, and worked away steadily for at least three hours, concluding by writing down his results in the manuscript volume, and making an elimination thereof into the greasy note-book. Then he leaned back, ran his thick fingers into his hair, and ruminated. The manuscript book lay open on the table. It was entitled "Todes-Gesetz," which appellation, should it afford no enlightenment to the reader, places him on an equality with, let us say, nine people out of ten. It was filled with closely-written pages of mysterious and enigmatical import, in a dozen different languages, and, for the most part, unimportant to the present history.

But the last entry, as transcribed into the greasy note-book, may possibly be of some assistance. Here it is:

"Group comprises four. Distribution—two to one each—in Belgium, America, possibly France, possibly Asia.

"Distribution as regards sex—male, two; female, two.

"Incidence of law (as calculated from table of logarithms, 'Natural Sine')—four days from date, subject to following impediments and exceptions:

"1. Amalgamation to have occurred between two of this group; or—

"2. Such amalgamation to take place within the next four days, provided that—

"Literal identity of surname exists between the two.

"Outside contracts no obstruction to law's course."

Besides this, there were sundry personal descriptions and data, and numerous references, citations, and comments, which may as well be passed over for the present. It will be more to the point, and quite as discreet, to listen to the doctor's ruminations:

"Poor prospects, Emil, very poor! Allowing thee every thing—that the person is in New York, is a woman, is unmarried, and is willing to marry thee—still are the chances as to literal identity an infinity against one. Ah, Emil! why didst thou shut thine eyes when Destiny offered thee all the most exact interpretation could require—sex, name, age, condition—all? And she loved thee, Emil. Yes, my friend; but that was twenty years ago! Hadst thou but known then what thou knowest now, thou hadst not then gone alone to seek thy fortune!

"And dost thou hope to find *her* here? As well that as another like her! Nay, even then, dost thou believe she would still care for thee, Emil?" exclaimed the doctor, rising and going to the dressing-table, on which was erected a small mirror. "Alas! thou art sadly changed! I fear she would find death more attractive than thee.

"But courage!" exclaimed Dr. Pechal, again arousing himself from his despondency. "Let us persevere to the end! One more attempt, friend Emil, ere we say farewell to each other! Let us use well the time that remains to us!" With which parting exhortations to the ample and lugubrious countenance in the mirror, the doctor turned away, replaced his library in his carpet-bag; and, it being already late, we will leave him in undisturbed possession of his room.

Next morning, having performed his arid toilet, this unpleasant and mysterious man appeared upon Broadway. The penetrating glare of his spectacles, as he shuffled onward, was ever and anon directed at some passing face, whenever it seemed to come within the range of his weird and preternatural intelligence. For himself, such attention as he received was not complimentary. What a turning of tables, could they have recognized in this uncouth individual the man who had reduced mortality to a working formula! But their non-appreciation troubled him not; he was perhaps used to it.

Having reached the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, the doctor paused, and looked about him somewhat wearily. What he sought was apparently no nearer than ever. For all that, his destiny was even then upon him; it was coming rapidly up the avenue in a spruce stage, with vivid medallions and golden scroll-work on a deep ultramarine background. Yet, so unconscious did the doctor appear that, were it not an established fact that Destiny never makes a mistake in her appointments, and is always punctual, it would seem a mere chance he did not miss her altogether.

The stage contained but one passenger—a charming young lady. To look at her was a refined and exquisite enjoyment. She was the flower of gentle breeding; and an indescribable, scarcely-perceptible aroma, peculiar to such flowers, hovered about her like an evanescent mist. The contrast between her very dark hazel eyes and straight, fine eyebrows, and the amber tint of her crisp and vigorous hair, made her beauty more striking than it would otherwise have been. Her complexion was clear and luminously pale, the skin drawn smoothly over the rounded flesh. All the refinement and fascination of her face seemed to culminate in a perfect little nose, with delicate nostrils and pointed tip. The curve of her lips might have seemed haughty, but that there hovered always about them the remembrance or the promise of a smile.

Swayed by I know not what mysterious impulse, this rare creature turned in her seat just as the stage was passing the upper corner of West Twenty-third Street, and looked straight at a foreign, ill-conditioned figure that happened at the moment to be standing there.

The figure, at the same moment, raised a heavy and woe-begone countenance to the stage-window, and the shining spectacles and dark-hazel eyes met. Perhaps the extremes of human nature presented no wider contrast.

The young lady recoiled with a refined little shudder.

"What a dreadful thing!" Then she gave a startled little scream.

For the dreadful thing had suddenly frozen into an awful stare, rapidly shifting into an expression of wild delight. He had made a clumsy rush for the stage-door, wrenched it convulsively open, and flung himself, panting and perspiring, upon the opposite seat. Within the narrow limits of that Fifth-Avenue stage extremes had met at last!

And what did the high-bred lady do? First impulse—scream for help, or spring from the vehicle! But the next moment pride cast out fear—bullied it into submission, rather. Ten times more alarmed, by reason of her high-wrought organization, than any ordinary person could have been, no outward sign, save bloodless lips, betrayed it. She sat stern and motionless as a little statue, except that her heart beat so.

It was all thrown away on Dr. Pechal. He was at that moment too thoroughly impregnated with pleasurable emotions to admit of any other sensation. His first act, after recovering wind, was to draw forth the inevitable pocket note-book. From its pages to the pale little face and back again, he gazed with artless delight, as if comparing an excellent likeness with the original. One might detect, moreover, in his expression, the secret self-satisfaction of the successful artist. But, more skillful than his fellows, this man had drawn his portrait first, and by its means discovered the original afterward!

The comparison satisfactorily concluded, the artist pocketed his work, and surveyed his sitter complacently.

"How fortunate," he ejaculated, at last, "that you have turned out a woman! Had you been a man—" The doctor seemed loath to contemplate so fearful an alternative.

"Crazy!" thought the young lady, and an irrepressible shiver of horror ran through her.

"But being a woman," resumed the doctor, forcibly, "all may be well. Pray, take an interest in me! Believe me, I am no stranger to you, and our individual welfare depends exclusively upon each other."

"Do I understand you to say you are acquainted with me, sir?" demanded she, catching at the first hopeful straw.

"Ah, none better," replied the doctor. "You are not yet quite twenty—am I not fifty? You are rich—am I not poor? Your name is—" Here the doctor paused.

The young lady's hazel eyes were black with expectation.

"Caleph?" hazarded the doctor, with an insinuating grin, yet with an undertone of anxiety in his voice.

The young lady started, and blushed to the forehead. A moment she looked earnestly at the doctor with an indescribable expression; then burst forth into a most delicious little laugh.

"Well, now you *must* know me, though I don't remember you, I'm sure. And how strange that *he* never spoke of you either! But no," blushing again; "I'm not *that* yet—only Mabel Chapel still, if you please, sir," with ravishing severity.

"Chapel—Mabel Chapel," repeated the doctor, retiring behind his spectacles. It seemed to be all he heard, as it was certainly all he understood, of this remarkable little speech. "*Chapel*—ah, yes, yes; now, that certainly is wonderful!" And again a broad smile of delight disclosed those awful teeth.

Then he recovered himself, and turned to address his lovely companion once more. But the rattle of the wheels over the Fifth-Avenue pavement drowned the rest of the conversation for the present.

"Oh, nurse, he was so dreadful!" said Mabel, piteously, as old Christina, the time-honored domestic of the family, was combing out her hair that evening.

Christina had had the sole care of Mabel's amber hair ever since, twenty years ago, there had been any such hair to be cared for.

"Think not of him, my Mabelein," advised the old lady. "He was some crazy, runaway man."

"That's what I thought at first," rejoined Mabel. "But, nurse, he seemed to know all about me, even my engagement to Charlie, that no one knows, you know; why," said Mabel, blushing at the recollec-

tion, "he addressed me as Mrs. Caleph; and, when I told him I wasn't married yet, the horrid thing said I must marry *Aim*—and right-off, too, or we would both be dead! And then he went on and talked about all sorts of the strangest, most incomprehensible things, and read something to me out of a dirty note-book he had about groups and the law, and distributions, and literal identities, and I don't know what else. Wasn't it terrible?"

"But he is gone—he returns no more," said nurse, soothingly.

"Ah, but he does return," said Mabel, disconsolately. "He's coming here to-morrow night; he said he must come anyway to get my answer. Think of it! And I told him to come, then, because Charlie will be here, you know, and he can talk to him."

"What name has he, my Mabelein?" inquired Christina.

"Oh, some German name; I remember it reminded me somehow of your last name, nurse—'Lapech.' There was a 'pech' about it, and—oh, yes, I know, it was Pechal—Dr. Pechal."

Christina started so that, for almost the first time in her life, she pulled Mabel's hair.

"Ah!" screamed Mabel; then, catching sight of the old lady's face in the mirror, "why, nurse dear, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my Liebchen, nothing; only that the name reminded old Christina of a time—long ago, before thou wast born, Mabelein—when she, too, was engaged to be married. Ah, that was a happy time!" sighed nurse.

"Tell me all about it, dear," said Mabel, persuasively; all matters of the heart were to her of paramount interest and importance.

"There is little to tell, Liebchen. He was stout, handsome, and brave; he wore a student's cap, and fought with the *Schläger*. He was wise, also; he knew more than all the professors. And he loved his Christinchen; and to me he was very dear," said the old lady, simply.

"But why didn't you marry him?" demanded Mabel.

"Ah, that is a sad history, Mabelein. Thou knowest we once were wealthy, and had rank. But a time came—we had lost our fortune—we were poor and unfortunate. But he was brave; he said: 'I will go, Christinchen, and see. I will make fortune for us all.' And he went, but I never after saw him, and I think he died, for I believe not he would ever forget his Christinchen."

"Poor, dear old nurse," said the tender-hearted Mabel, with tears standing in her sweet eyes. "And was this before you came to us?"

"Yes, Liebchen; your father and mother were then boarding at our house; and your dear mother, who is now dead, liked me and I her; so, when you went away, she took me to be nurse and to help her. I said: 'If he comes, I must leave you.' But he never came, and I am always here."

"Poor, dear, old nurse," thought Mabel, again, an hour later, as she lay with her cheek upon her hand, waiting for sleep. "And she never told me of it before! Well, some day perhaps he will come back and marry her, and then she will be as happy as—I shall be."

Do pleasant dreams always go by contraries?

"Do you mean to say, sir," demanded Charlie, who sat with Mabel's little trembling hand in his, "that you have evolved the law which regulates the time, place, and circumstances, of the death of every human being?"

"It is precisely that," replied Dr. Pechal, charmed at being so well understood. "Were the room not so dark, sir, I would ask you to look over my little book. All is explained there."

The doctor, calling late in the evening, had come upon Mabel and Charlie Caleph sitting together in the dusk; and, being a somewhat abrupt gentleman, he had entered upon his business at once, without waiting even for candles.

"But how do you know your law is true?" asked Mabel, defiantly.

"Is it not then logical?" said the doctor. "The insurance companies have gone so far as to establish the average age at which death comes: if a man die here at sixty, somewhere must die a boy of twelve, that the balance may be preserved. Is it probable that this balance should relate to age alone? Is there not also the balance of one sex against the other, of light against dark, of nation against nation, of temperament against temperament? Not even here can we draw the line; the farther we search, the more the conditions that arise: no trait, however subtle; no feature, however insignificant—

but bears directly, however lightly, upon man's destiny. What could be more clear, more inevitable?"

Charlie and Mabel were silent; a strange chill seemed creeping around their hearts. The doctor's voice, all apparently remaining of him in the darkened room, sounded solemn and mysterious as he gave utterance to the thoughts which he had been all his life revolving. Wholly bound up in the contemplation of his awful theory, his words were not without an impressiveness even more powerful than ordinary eloquence.

"It is indeed strange," resumed he, "that mankind, continually prying after the mysteries of science and the laws of life, should never have set themselves to learn the most important and yet the simplest law which tells them when they are to die, and who shall die with them. For no man dies alone. There is a mysterious chain, formed of innumerable and invisible links, binding his life to that of others, be their number more or less. He is one of a group; and the breaking of that one chain is the dissolution of their common life."

"Can nothing hinder this law—if it be a law?" demanded Charlie.

"It is seldom possible," replied the doctor. "The only safety lies in marriage, which constitutes a new condition of things—annulling the old. But it must be no ordinary marriage. To be efficacious, the most exacting conditions have to be fulfilled. Of the many, it is only needful I should mention two: the husband and wife must belong to the same group, and their names must be composed of the same letters, differently arranged. And this," added the doctor, "bears upon my errand to-night."

Mabel shuddered, and drew nearer to Charlie, who passed his arm around her waist. Dr. Pechal proceeded:

"I have discovered, by the most exhaustive calculations, that before this hour to-morrow my death, and that of all my group, is destined to take place. My calculations also showed that one at least of the group must be a resident of this city. I knew there were but three besides myself: one, whom I was personally acquainted with"—the doctor cleared his throat—"was not to be thought of, though she once might have saved us all; of the two others remaining, one I knew to be a woman, and, trusting she might be the New-Yorker, I came here to seek her, and in the person of this young lady I have found her. She is a member of my group; and she, as her name proclaims her, is destined to save us both by uniting her destiny to mine. Analyze our names—you find them literally identical; and for the rest, the proofs are easy and irrefragable."

Here the doctor paused, and, holding out one of his fat hands, seemed duskiely to summon Mabel from her lover's side. Charlie groaned, and removed his arm from her waist; but hers was around his neck in an instant, and her voice was clear and firm:

"Whether your hateful theory be a truth or a falsehood, neither it nor you shall ever part us. Do you suppose I care so much for my life here as to sell, for its sake, all that is most sacred and precious to me? You have much to learn, with all your wisdom. Did it never occur to you that there is a Life, somewhere, which no theory of yours can ever reach? And that very death, by which you seek to enslave me, shall be the means of my triumph over you!"

The doctor was awe-stricken and silent, and Charlie, who could scarce believe this to be the modest and tender little girl whom he had loved, and thought he knew, looked up at her with a reverence he had never felt before. "You are right, darling," he murmured, but sighing heavily. "Death is better than such a life as that."

"It is but an alternative of death," she answered, "one of the body, the other of the soul. But do not sigh, my love. What this man says is false; no divine law could authorize such a consummation. I do not believe his theory!"

At this, Dr. Pechal, who had been edging toward the door, advanced again into the room, and spoke with emphasis:

"You say you do not believe my theory? Very well! The proof is at any rate easy. Twenty-four hours will show; and I, at least, am ready to die in defence of what I have spent my life to verify."

As he turned to depart, the door opened, admitting a glare of light—Christina with two tall wax-candles. The doctor was dazzled, and shaded his face with his hand. Christina looked keenly at him as she placed the candles on the table.

"It is already so dark, Fräulein," said she, "and as the gentle-

man is here," turning to the doctor, "I thought the candles would be pleasant to you."

At the sound of her voice, Dr. Pechal started, and seemed strangely agitated. He peered earnestly at the speaker through his spectacles.

"You may go, Christina," said Mabel.

"Christina!" cried the doctor, in a tremulous voice, "Christina! Christina Lapech! can it be thou?" He stretched toward her his stumpy hands, which shook as if with an ague.

Christina gazed at him as if he were a ghost. At last she gave a low cry, pathetic and loving.

"Ah! Emil, my own Emil! after twenty years, hast thou come back to me?"

And what did these ridiculous old creatures proceed to do, but fall into each other's arms and blubber like two children; putting the younger lovers to the blush with the fervor of their emotion, bursting freshly through the ceremonies of a lifetime! . . .

So the candles had at least as much to do with Dr. Pechal's destiny as the omnibus. Several other dusky points were also illuminated by their light. As soon as he had recovered himself, and things had begun to settle, the doctor recognized in Charlie Caleph the fourth member of the group.

"A remarkable coincidence!" and, after a moment's reflection, "Sir, I have not yet learned your name—except the first one. What is the last?"

"Why, Dr. Pechal!" exclaimed Mabel, in large-eyed wonderment, "how can you help knowing his name, when you addressed me in the omnibus as Mrs. Caleph?"

Upon which it transpired that the doctor had, in fact, known nothing either of her name or engagement; but had hazarded a name containing the same letters as his own, feeling that in case it turned out to be the correct one, he could lay a strong claim to the possession of her hand. The little game at cross-purposes which had ensued, ending in a solution which answered his purpose equally well, had banished his first guess from his mind. Now, as the reader has long ago divined, its appearance as the surname of our friend Charlie at once established *his* right to Mabel by the ruling of that very law which had at first seemed so adverse to their happiness.

And Dr. Pechal, it is needless to remark, was more than ready to forego his claim in one whom he already regarded with ridiculous awe, for the sake of her who, lost through so many years, he had long ago given up as married and done for. "And thou art rewarded for thy constancy, Christinchen," said the old hypocrite, sardoniously; "for, hadst thou been married, and our union impossible, so also would have been the preservation of our lives." Charlie's eyes had a quiet twinkle in them; he was thinking what a constant man the doctor had been lately.

"The law has been very lenient to all of us," perorated the doctor; "seldom do all the members of a group possess the qualifications for intermarriage, or the opportunity to profit by the privilege if they have it."

"I'm afraid, doctor," said Charlie, "you'll never forgive those unfortunate candles for depriving you of the chance to prove your theory correct; though even yet, if you insist upon it, it is not too late."

"No, no!" said Dr. Pechal, rather gruffly; "after all, there would be no satisfaction in it; for not one of you would remain alive long enough to confess yourselves convinced."

And, as far as they are concerned, the theory still lacks confirmation.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## ON THE BEACH.

WHEN the sun was burning low,  
And his faint, expiring glow  
Gilded ocean's restless flow;

When the tide had ebb'd away  
With the ebbing of the day  
In the bosom of the bay;

When the starry fires were burning,  
Lamps of heaven, with night returning,  
Beacon-lights of mortal yearning—

Then we walked the brown-gray sand,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand—  
Walked the while in fairy-land.

There, beside the singing sea,  
There together happily  
Sang our hearts its melody.

Then together—now alone,  
Listening to the ocean's moan,  
Bended like a reed o'erblown—

Here I walk the sands at eve,  
Here in solitude I grieve,  
Break the spells we loved to weave.

Still the silver fires are set  
In night's azure coronet—  
Do they light thy pathway yet?

Oh, my darling, earth is weary,  
Life, without thee, sad and dreary,  
Ocean's song a *Misereve*!

And my sun is burning low,  
Fainter yet life's embers glow,  
Tides will ebb that cannot flow.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

IF the traveller were to search the wide world through, he would find no original, no counterpart nor copy of the English endowed school. Arising, for the most part, out of the monastic institutions of the middle ages, these ancient seminaries of learning are entitled to be ranked first among those which have contributed to the maintenance of classical literature as the staple of English education. They have been the chief nurseries of statesmen whose abilities have been recognized by all civilized communities. To them the English people are indebted in the highest degree for those qualities upon which they pique themselves most—love of freedom, manliness of character, and devotion to healthy sports and exercises. And to the wise munificence which suggested their foundation, the young and the old, the prosperous and the unsuccessful, owe that grand feeling of brotherhood which is characteristic of those who have had the great good fortune to receive their early education in the public schools of England.

Without claiming the patrician rank of such foundations as Eton, Winchester, Harrow, or Rugby, Christ's Hospital is justly considered to be preëminently above the plebeian submission of the so-called English charity school. Although, in the main, a commercial seminary, the list of those old scholars who have acquired celebrity in what are called the "liberal professions," would confer honor upon a school of far loftier pretensions. Foremost among them stand Richardson, the novelist, Bishop Middleton of Calcutta, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb—the last three names being inseparably associated with the best class of modern English literature—James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge, the Rev. George Townsend, a man of vast erudition, and Thomas Barnes, a late editor of the *London Times*, than whom, Leigh Hunt tells us, no man, if he had cared for it, could have been more certain of distinction.

Christ's Hospital, popularly known as the Blue-coat School, from

the dress of the boys brought up there, is one of the five royal hospitals of the city of London—Saint Bartholomew, Bethlehem, Christ's, Bridewell, and Saint Thomas. The three last-named were founded by the benevolent young King Edward VI., to provide a suitable asylum for each of the three classes into which the pauperism of the metropolis had been divided; that is to say—1. The poor by impotency, such as young fatherless children. 2. The poor by casualty, as the maimed, the sick, and the diseased. 3. The thriftless poor, whom idleness and vice had reduced to indigence and want.

Although the original intentions of the founder, with regard to Christ's Hospital, have long since been departed from, in respect to fatherless children being alone eligible for admission, the school has never ceased to preserve its reputation as one of the first charitable institutions of England, where the sons of gentlemen, and professional men of small income, may receive free living, free education, and free clothing, between the ages of seven and fifteen. I don't think I could do better than describe the general character of the school in the words of Leigh Hunt, who says: "Perhaps there is not a foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean what Englishmen wish it to mean—something solid, unpretending, and free to all. More boys are to be found in it who issue from a greater variety of ranks than in any school in the kingdom; and, as it is the most various, so it is the largest of all the free schools. Nobility do not go there except as boarders. Now and then a boy of noble family may be met with, and he is reckoned an interloper and against the charter; but the sons of poor gentry and London citizens abound, and with them an equal share is given to the sons of tradesmen of the very humblest description, not omitting servants."

Any one who has passed the famed prison of Newgate, on his way to Cheapside, must have been struck by some massive-looking stone buildings which meet his eye on the left-hand side of Newgate Street. Through the handsome iron gateway, which is the entrance to the buildings, he will probably see, about the hour of noon, a number of boys, in quaint costume, playing. Their dress consists of a long blue coat, reaching to the ankles, and girt about the waist with a red leather strap; stockings of yellow worsted, and a pair of white clerical bands worn round the neck. The boys are the scholars, and the buildings are those of Christ's Hospital.

Built on the site of the ancient Gray Friars Priory, this school, founded, as has been stated, by Edward VI., has continued to flourish through successive ages, until it has acquired the reputation of being at this time one of the wealthiest institutions connected with the city of London. Some facts connected with the early history of the foundation may not be without interest to the general reader. It is said that the pious young Edward was moved to found the three hospitals of Christ's, Bridewell, and Saint Thomas, by a noble sermon on "Charity," which Bishop Ridley preached before him at Westminster, and that he granted the yearly amount of four thousand marks for their maintenance, vesting their government in the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of the city of London, and their successors.

In connection with this endowment, an incident is related by Stow, which is touchingly characteristic of the amiable young prince, to whom the citizens of London owe these charities. A blank had been left in the patent for the sum which the king should be pleased to grant. "He, looking on the void place, called for pen and ink, and with his own hand wrote this sum, 'four thousand marks by the year;' and then said, in the hearing of his council, 'Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of Thy name.'" Edward lived only one month after signing the charter of incorporation; but, in that short space of time, no less than three hundred and forty children had been admitted into the school; and these went up, with the corporation of the city of London, to the king's palace, to receive the charter from his own hands. Since that year the numbers on the foundation have steadily increased, and at this time about one thousand boys are clothed, fed, and educated, at Christ's Hospital, annually. The external government of the school is vested in the general court of governors, consisting of about five hundred noblemen and gentlemen, with whom alone rests the right of "presentation." To secure this right, a person must contribute four hundred pounds to the funds, which entitles the donor always to have one boy on his nomination in the school. The internal economy of the house is intrusted to a president, treasurer, and committee. The president is usually a person of exalted station. The office is at present filled by the Duke of Cambridge, who takes deep interest in the

welfare of every thing connected with the school. The treasurer is really the resident governor of the institution. This officer is chairman of all committees, and in their proceedings his voice has more weight than that of any one else; he receives, disburses, and accounts for all moneys belonging to the institution. The committee consists of fifty members chosen from the general court of governors. They are called the "committee of almoners," and meet on the first Thursday of each month to superintend the admission of children, and transact the routine business of the house. It is their duty to examine into the state of the hospital; to attend the half-yearly examinations of the boys; to examine into the quantity of the provisions supplied for the consumption of the institution, and generally to see that the comfort and cleanliness of the children is attended to. Besides, and under the control of these officers, is the warden, under whose superintendence the children are placed during the time which is not occupied by their studies, whose business it is to preside at all the meals in the hall, to grant leaves of absence, etc.; the matron, whose duty it is to superintend every thing connected with the distribution of the diet, and to see that it is sweet and wholesome; and, lastly, the nurses, sixteen in number, whose care it is to look after every thing connected with the wards, or sleeping-apartments, and to see that the forty or fifty boys under their charge are strict in regard to personal cleanliness, etc.

The masters are university men and gentlemen, and are twenty-seven in number. The schools are divided into the upper and lower grammar, the mathematical, and the English and commercial. The course of study pursued in the first two is entirely classical. The higher class of the upper school are termed Grecians, probably because in the early history of the school they were the only boys taught Greek. They are twenty-five in number, and are subdivided into five exhibitors, eight second Grecians, and twelve probationary Grecians. On the average, four of this class proceed to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge annually, at the expense of the foundation. The yearly value of these "exhibitions," as they are termed, is one hundred pounds. Upon proceeding to either university, each Grecian receives an allowance of twenty pounds for books, ten pounds for apparel, and thirty pounds for caution-money, fees, etc. Thus a youth, if he pursues his studies steadily at the school, is, in a great measure, provided for. Fancy what an inestimable boon this must be to the son of some poor, struggling tradesman! He is clothed, fed, and educated, from the age of seven until he is eighteen years of age (Grecians do not leave the school until they have attained their eighteenth year); he is sent to the universities with an annual allowance, which is quite sufficient for a young man to rub along with; and he is provided at starting with a sum of fifty pounds, to enable him to meet the expenses preliminary to his residence at Oxford or Cambridge. While there, all the honors of the universities are open to him; and, if he succeed in obtaining a college fellowship, a means of living is secured to him for life. His education enables him to compete at the open examinations for the scientific branches of the army, and for the great prizes in the shape of appointments in the home and Indian civil service, and oftentimes with success. Then the youths of the Mathematical School are no less cared for. This school was founded by King Charles II., with the intention of bringing up the boys who attended it to the naval profession. Under his charter ten boys are to be annually presented at the Trinity House for examination in a complete course of nautical instruction. They are then permitted to enter the naval or sea service, in any capacity they may think best suited to them. Before leaving the school, each is presented with a complete set of nautical instruments, such as quadrant, chronometer, etc.; a naval outfit, sea-chest, and silver watch, and with fifteen pounds in gold. After three years' service at sea, if they choose to present themselves before the head-master of the school, and prove that they are acquainted with the practical duties of a seaman, they receive a further sum of fifteen pounds. Then, in the Commercial School, a boy is taught a thoroughly commercial education, so much so that at the early age of fifteen they are received into many of the leading city merchants' offices as clerks. I think, with few exceptions, the masters are all old Blue-coat boys; the head-master is certainly one, and was elected because of his high talents. The salary attached to the position is one thousand pounds a year, besides which a house is provided for himself and family. So much for the schools.

Now, let us see how the foundation looks after the personal comfort of the boys. The sleeping-apartments are called wards or dormitories, and are long, clean, and airy rooms, each containing from forty to fifty beds. Each boy has a bed to himself, and a small receptacle attached to it, which serves for a seat, and a place wherein to put his books, etc. He is expected to make his bed for himself, and clean his own boots. There is a large lavatory for the boys to wash in, open at all hours. In the summer, the hospital rents a large, open-air bath, called the "peerless pool," for them to bathe in. The meals are taken in the "great hall," which is a magnificent structure. The style is pure Gothic, and the principal front is built of Portland stone, with cloisters of granite running beneath a portion of the dining-hall. The building is supported by buttresses, and has an octagon tower at each extremity. The summit is embattled and ornamented with pinnacles, and nine large and handsome windows occupy the entire front. The hall itself, with its lobby and organ-gallery, is one hundred and eighty-seven feet long, fifty-one and a half feet wide, and forty-six and a half feet high. At the east end there is a screen along which runs the legend, "Fear God, love the Brotherhood, honor the King."

A grained oak wainscoting lines the hall to the height of ten feet. The windows are of stained glass. There is a magnificent organ in the gallery; and several fine paintings, by Holbein, Verrio, and Sir Peter Lely, are suspended from the walls. The tables for the boys are of grained oak, and are eighteen in number, equidistant from each other, the Grecians occupying one to themselves on a slightly-raised platform at the top of the hall. Before each of the meals, which consist of breakfast, dinner, and supper, a portion of Scripture is read, and grace said by one of the Grecians from a pulpit which stands in the centre of the hall. The diet is clean, wholesome, and ample—bread-and-milk for breakfast; joints of meat, which vary each day, for dinner; and bread, butter, and tea, for supper. In the summer months, the boys rise at six, and play for an hour before breakfast; in the winter, the hour of rising is seven. School from nine to twelve, and from two to five. The intermediate hours are occupied by breakfast, dinner, supper, and by recreation. Bedtime at nine, for the younger ones; the elder are permitted to prepare lessons for the next day until ten. The boys in the dormitories are under the control of one Grecian and two monitors. There is an excellent library of about five thousand volumes, with an abundant supply of books suitable for the younger boys, opened at stated hours during the day. The holidays consist of five weeks in the summer, and four in the winter, the first Wednesday in every month being what is termed a "leave-day," on which the boys are permitted to leave the hospital to see their friends. On Monday and Tuesday in Easter week, they visit the lord-mayor in procession, when each boy receives one shilling, two buns, and a glass of wine, the monitors half a crown, and the Grecians a guinea. Although the play-ground does not permit cricket to be played, foot-ball, base-ball, and other such games, are much indulged in. An excellent gymnasium is also attached to the school, in which the boys are instructed during the summer months by one of the first professors in London. The public schools commissioners have suggested certain improvements to the governing bodies of this excellent charity, with the object of diverting the education imparted at the school into new channels, so as to adapt the institution as far as possible to the growing wants of the times, especially in the interest of the middle classes. The boarding-school, or hospital proper, as now constituted in the city of London, will be removed into the country. There will be two day-schools for boys, built in two different districts of London, open to all classes of the community, and promotion to the boarding-school from the day-schools will be by competitive examination.

If Christ's Hospital is proud, as she may well be, of the accomplished scholars and gentlemen she has succeeded in producing, they, in turn, are affectionately proud of her. Elia, inimitable Elia, has immortalized his old school. The vast wealth which now enables her to extend her beneficence, is, in a great measure, derived from bequests made by old scholars. And in every thing which most concerns her interests, those who have been educated within her walls endeavor, by their unceasing watchfulness over all that most concerns her prosperity, to imperfectly acknowledge the deep debt they owe to an institution, the source, perhaps, of greater good upon the whole, than any other school in the world.

C. EYRE PASCOE.

## L I L I E S .



**D**ROWSED with the noonday glare,  
I paused,  
In a green gloom reclined.  
No chir of insects' voice was there,  
No sound upon the panting air :  
Then, in a dream, so sweet, so fair,  
This song breathed in the wind :

"We are bright children of the sun  
Of one sweet sisterhood !  
Dwelling among the haunts of men,  
Starring the field and mossy glen,  
Dimpling the pond, and hiding then  
Our faces in some wood."

"White lily of the garden I !  
What memories round me twine !  
With whispered words, and soft replies,  
And glances of love-lighted eyes,  
Under the tender, deep-blue skies,  
What love-love now is mine !"

"Meek lily of the valley know,  
So blest above my race !  
Hath not the Saviour told of me  
In words of loving sympathy ?  
Ah, bend above me now and see  
His smile upon my face !"

"The tawny tiger-lily am I !  
Wooded by the velvet bee.  
Arrayed, like some fair Eastern queen,  
In jewels rare and satin sheen ;  
Bearing my proud and haughty mien  
So stately, as you see."

"Kissed by the lucent wave, I float,  
The water-lily I !  
Oh, who may tell what sweetness falls  
Upon my sails when night recalls  
The fairies to their madrigals,  
And hitherward they fly ?"

Again the trill of woodland bird  
Rang from the stirring leaves ;  
The locust chattered down the dell,  
The cricket tolled his tiny bell,  
The drone of bees arose and fell  
Around the ripening sheaves.

And so I woke me from my dream,  
Sweet as the brooklet's flow ;  
There was no fairer sight to see,  
Among such goodly company,  
Sunshine and all the joys that be,  
Down where the lilies grow !

GEORGE COOPER.





## SIR CHARLES LYELL.

IN this age, preëminent in scientific investigation, new leaders are ever springing up, founding schools, and claiming the attention, if not the allegiance, of the thinking world. It is surprising how many Englishmen have, within the past ten or fifteen years, become distinguished as students of those problems which the mind of man and the material earth present. There is evident, too, a very altered tone in scientific discussion. The modern investigator is bolder; he shrinks from nothing, and lays hold of his conclusions with a grasp which is not weakened by the shattering of dreams or the overcasting of faith. This appears in his brave, defiant style. How boldly Huxley speaks, and with what directness Tyndall advances to his goal! In such an age the world is too apt to slight those who are veterans in its service; to neglect the patriarchs of science for its younger militant champions. Men who were great in their generation, and are still great in great works achieved, are forgotten, though they may not have outlived their usefulness.

Sir Charles Lyell is one of these Nestors of British science who has in some degree escaped the ungrateful fate which has overtaken so many of his contemporaries. In a vigorous old age he is reaping the reward of most important early labors, and, despite his younger and warmer-blooded rivals, may be regarded as still occupying the first place among British geologists. He has not yet deserted a field which is more

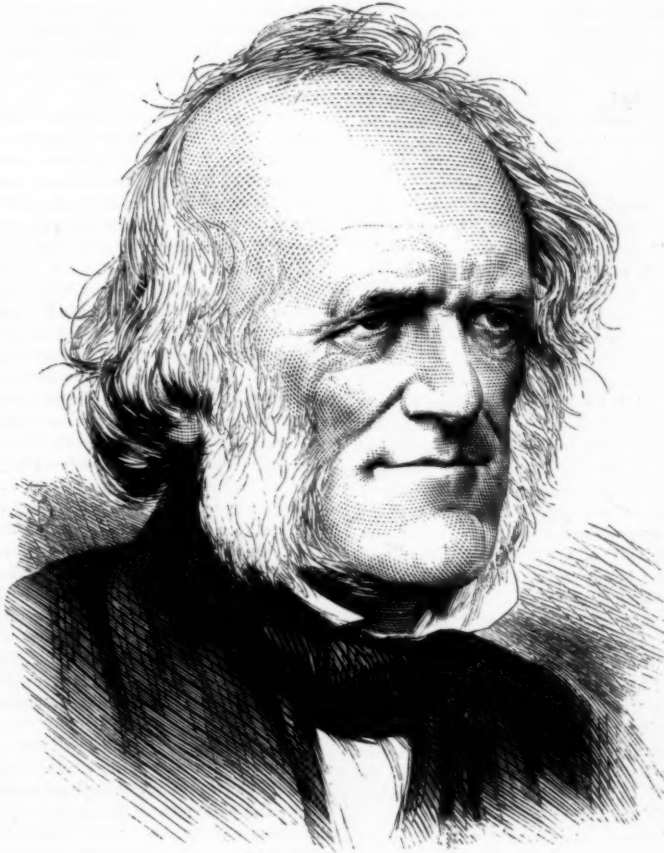
and more vigorously contested every year; for geology is one of the first—one is almost inclined to say *the* first—of those sciences which hold within them the mystery of the world and of humanity, and which may be summoned as witnesses for or against revelation. It thus invades the domain of theology; and theology is the most jealous of all the systems of thought which agitate men. Of Lyell's contemporaries, most have passed away. Sir David Brewster is no longer the pride of Edinburgh scientific circles, and death has within a few years taken Faraday and other great lights of English science. Sir Roderick Murchison survives, but has finally retired from the presidency of the Royal Society.

Sir CHARLES LYELL was born at Kinnordy, Forfarshire, Scotland, in November, 1797, and is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was the son of a country gentleman, and, having received his early education under a private tutor, entered at Exeter College, Oxford, at the

age of nineteen. He graduated M. A. in 1821, after a university career of some distinction, in which, however, he gave little evidence of scientific proclivities. His preferences seem at that time, on the contrary, to have been for the classics, and particularly for politics; for after graduation he studied law, and was duly called to the bar. But, like very many other men of note, he soon tired of his profession, and turned to scientific, especially geological, investigation. That his family was one of weight in his native county may be judged from the fact that, in 1831, he was appointed Deputy-lieutenant of Forfarshire, and served long as one of the magistrates on the county-bench. He began writing a series of papers in several of the scientific journals of the day on geological topics, which soon

won the attention of men of learning, and in 1833 was published his first scientific work, on "The Principles of Geology." He had begun and had pursued his favorite study under the most favorable circumstances. Like many Englishmen of learning and literary gifts, the fact that the paternal fortune was ample, and the need of anxiety and labor for material support not pressing, enabled him to give up all his time and care to what engaged his liking. He was a what is sometimes called in England a "gentleman-scholar." Such opportunities enable the scholar to lay a broad foundation for his future career, and to cultivate his literary style as well as the substantial principles of his favorite study.

"The Principles of Geology" was an elementary work, a sort of *résumé* of the first conclusions of the science, and a preface to more elaborate produc-



SIR CHARLES LYELL.

tions. It proved that the author had a clear idea of the bases upon which he was to found his later and maturer discoveries, while the clear and vigorous style was in marked contrast with the dry-as-dust theses of most preceding geologists. This treatise was followed, in 1838, by one on "Elements of Geology," afterward compressed and reissued for schools and colleges under the title of "A Manual of Elementary Geology." In these works Mr. Lyell advanced a new theory as to the progress of geology. He urged that progress had been much interfered with by a prevailing popular belief among men of learning "that the former changes of the earth and its inhabitants were the effects of causes differing in intensity, and some of them in kind, from those now in operation." This he maintained, and sought to prove, was an error. He showed that in the organic and inorganic worlds changes are and always have been constantly occurring; that the geology of the world has not been

formed by certain stated convulsions at intervals, but is in perpetual transformation and modification. The mysteries which it contains must be unveiled, then, not by consultation of geological history and reasonings thereon alone, but in an investigation of present and preceding changes. These and similar ideas were enforced by clear and cogent reasoning, and supported by illustrations derived from a variety of the departments of geology. They created much discussion, and the *frondeur* spirit with which they were advanced, clashing as they did with learned prejudices and traditions—and what is more obstinate than are the prejudices of scholarship?—reminds one of these modern days of Huxley's battles with the sages of the elder generation.

In 1839-'40 Mr. Lyell visited this continent, to pursue geological investigations which would derive much material here not observable in the Old World. He visited Western New York and the Western States, the region of the lakes, noting especially the formations in the vicinity of Lake Superior; and, returning to England, embodied, in a work entitled "Travels in North America," his geological discoveries and conclusions made while here. Many discoveries have been made in the regions but hastily visited by Lyell thirty years since—particularly within the past ten or fifteen—some of which may be gathered from Professor Alexander Winchell's entertaining "Sketches of Creation," which, with the settlement of a yet broader belt in the far West than that known to Lyell, has enabled men of science to penetrate still further into the mysteries which Nature, lying undisturbed for centuries, has held, on this continent, locked in her bosom. But, even in 1840, Lyell found much that was new and wonderful. This continent was the El Dorado of the geologist as well as of the gold and gem seeker. By availing himself of the still wider range of examples which he found here, he might form more conclusive inductions, thus following the Baconian inductive rule—that, the more numerous and varied the experience, the sounder the conclusion. "Travels in North America" was a revelation to the British geologists, who, like all Englishmen of that and previous periods, knew or cared too little what might be learned from the domains of Brother Jonathan. Four years later Lyell repeated his tour in the United States, this time going over new ground, examining the old more critically, and taking leisure, besides, to observe and make note of the characteristics and customs of our people. He was a distinguished man of science, and as such was welcomed by our *savants*, and invited to accept the hospitality of our best circles, though at that time many Americans were keenly feeling the ungrateful return which Dickens had recently made to similar courtesies. Lyell, on his arrival in England, published a work on "A Second Visit to the United States," in which, while supplementing his former notes on the geological features of this continent, he added an account—perhaps the least John-Bullish and least hostile which had then been written by an English tourist—of the social features of the republic. In 1836 he was elected to the presidency of the Geological Society, and, three years after his return from the United States, received from the queen the knighthood of the Bath. In 1855 he was awarded the degree of D. C. L. by Oxford University, his *alma mater*; and, in 1864, was promoted from his title of knight to the hereditary one of baronet, as a recognition of his great services as a man of science. The principal geological work published by Sir Charles, of which mention has not been made, is a treatise on "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation," which appeared in 1863. Darwin's famous "Origin of Species" had come out in 1859, and Lyell's work was intended to oppose the startling views therein advanced.

Sir Charles Lyell has always maintained orthodoxy of opinion while boldly seeking the truths unfolded to his penetration by his favorite science. His writings have been rather noted for their pith than for their voluminousness; he has written *multum*, not *multa*, in accordance with the counsel of the old philosopher. His style is always positive, and his elucidations are clear and exhaustive. He was one of those who gave an impulse to the great intellectual movement which is bearing fruit in the animated scientific discussions of the present day, of which many of the writers have now got far beyond him.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## A GLIMPSE OF MORMONISM.

IT is with a feeling of tolerance, if not of actual gratitude, that the traveller westward leaves the Union Pacific Railroad and turns his face toward Salt Lake City. After the fatigue and the dirt of the dreary journey from Omaha to Ogden, the coolness of Salt Lake is more than refreshing—is revivifying, in fact. This feeling of tolerance increases as, on nearer approach to the city, the newsboy enters the train with Salt-Lake papers under his arm, and distributes theatre programmes, printed in exact imitation of those which circulate among audiences in New York. It seems as though you were approaching a metropolitan city, and you forget that there are no trees on the mountains, and that the great Salt Lake is full of alkali, and even begin to wonder how you could ever have thought the face of Brigham Young, which adorns as an illustration that charming work of fiction, the "Tourist's Trans-Continental Railroad Guide," coarse and gross. Viewed in the light of coming hotels and future baths, the forehead of the prophet seems to expand with benevolence, while his chin expresses only geniality.

The approach to Salt Lake—with the purple mountains on one side, and the awful dead lake on the other—is weird and picturesque rather than beautiful. The Salt Lake Railroad, a paying speculation of Brigham Young's, is a narrow-gauge track, connecting the Mormon metropolis with Ogden, the distance between these two points being about twenty miles. The way is bleak and desolate, the two or three little wood and water stations on the road only serving to make the desolation more forlorn. But, when you arrive at the little station in Salt Lake, and find there an omnibus ready to convey you to the hotel, while the leaves of the trees rustle in the breeze, and the rippling of the springs, which supply the place of gutters, is heard in the streets, a delightful feeling of rest comes over you, which really renews your strength for the remainder of the weary journey to San Francisco. A drive up to the hotel, a capital supper of country viands—fresh eggs, butter, milk, and delicious bread—entirely revived me, though the steak was, of course, like all steak between Omaha and San Francisco, of the thickness of a wafer, and juiceless through cooking. Passing to my room after supper, I was witness of a scene which first made me fully appreciate what polygamy was, and influenced also my movements for the evening. It seems that our landlord had three wives. One of these wives, of course, was the favorite, and this one was invited by her husband to visit the theatre with him that evening. To do this, however, it was advisable for her to steal gently away by the back-door. Admirably did wife Number Three fulfil her part of the plan; but the unfortunate husband was detected and fallen upon by Number One and Number Two, and had it not been for my passing through the entry just as this scene of domestic drama was enacting, there is no saying how large a quantity of landlord would have been left alive.

This skirmish, however, induced me to visit the theatre myself, and so I walked slowly up the street. By the hotel, Salt Lake seemed like a country town in New England, save that the mountain air was clearer and purer; but in the main street, dimly lighted by oil-lamps, the stores and booths ranged closely yet irregularly together, many of them being not more than one story in height, it seemed as though the New-England town was in the agonies of a muster or a fair. With the exception of one or two solid adobe structures, bearing the famous sign—

HOLINESS TO THE LORD!



ZION'S COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATION,

all seemed to be temporary booths, with nothing permanent or enduring about them.

The theatre, a large building, with a white wooden portico and pillars, somewhat like the Old Bowery, stands a little off the main street. It is peculiarly and emphatically a Zion's coöperative association. It is managed by Brigham Young's son-in-law, whose family constitutes a large portion of the company—one wife playing old

women, and another *soubrettes*. The auditorium is large, but bare and forlorn; and the oil-lamps with which it is lighted render it cheerless and dingy in the extreme. The entire right side of the parquet-circle is occupied by the family of Brigham Young, who also retains several of the orchestra-seats for his private use. A large number of the Young family can always be seen there, no matter who is the performer or what is the play. The Mormon theatrical company is of unrivalled badness, and each individual member of the Mormon orchestra has his own peculiar ideas about time and tune, which he will persist in following with utter disregard of the leader. The results were not exhilarating, and I turned from the actors to the audience. But the sight was not pleasant. The faces were either those of the lowest class of the coarse foreign peasantry, from which Brigham Young has so largely recruited the Mormon ranks, or the hard, mercenary features of speculating Yankees and Pennsylvanians, who had invested, as it were, in Mormonism, and rubbed most of the life out of their souls. And in the younger classes—the generations that are now springing up—even a casual observer can see the results—the wicked and disastrous results—of polygamy. Not a face that shows a single admirable quality—avarice and sensuality predominating almost to the exclusion of other expressions.

Morning came, and with the daylight my agreeable impressions of Salt Lake City were somewhat lessened; for at about ten o'clock there came a blinding, choking cloud of dust, which did not subside until late in the afternoon. This dust is one of the disadvantages of Salt Lake City, and is intensified by the fact that most of the houses are built of the adobe, or sun-dried brick, from which small particles are constantly likely to become detached. An hour's shopping in the city, too, was but partially successful, Mormon gloves being the only distinctively characteristic article obtainable. These gloves, which sometimes happen to be very beautiful, are of buckskin, embroidered in floss silk by the Mormon women. With a little more taste in the forms and colors of the designs, they might be easily made fashionable among our Eastern belles; but, though the work is neatly done, these Mormon *artistes* have such exaggerated ideas of the size of the average human hand, and such a remarkable fondness for combinations of striking colors, that they injure the beauty of their work. As it was still rather early for our visit to President Young, we resolved to try a bath at the hot sulphur-springs some miles out of the city. These springs are exceedingly powerful, and, although there is at first a feeling of repulsion at the very offensive odor of the sulphuretted hydrogen which issues from them, their effect is strengthening and health-giving, and, with the delicious air of these mountains, render Brigham Young's longevity not especially wonderful, after all. It would have a good sanitary effect on New York and Boston if these springs could be transferred into their midst.

I confess to feeling some trepidation as we drove toward the president's house, an unwieldy agglomeration of structures, surrounded by a high wall of adobe—not that I was fearful of having a Danite set upon my track toward the southwest; but it was difficult, without some little excitement, to enter the presence of a man who has successfully outraged humanity, defied a powerful government, called thousands of people after him into a desert which he has converted into a garden, who rules with absolute power over a people whom he has kept ignorant, but whom he has still impelled into habits of thrift and industry. To-day, Brigham Young commands millions of money, and rules thousands of men—some by shrewd appealing to selfish interests, others by sheer animal power. His prosperity is a disgrace to our government, and a blot on our fair fame as a nation. To meet a celebrated man to whom you must wish ill, yet whose abilities command your admiration, is no ordinary occurrence.

Brigham Young was not in his office when we entered; but his son, Brigham Young, junior, a hearty, pleasant, well-informed country gentleman of middle age, entertained us agreeably, discussing the prospects of the Territory, and the probable influence which the recent rich mineral discoveries would have on its welfare. Brigham Young is said to be opposed to the prosecution of mining. Certainly, any strong influx of the Gentile population is likely to shake his government, and already there are a thousand or more unbelievers resident in the city. The profit to be derived from mining he is said to have expressed his opinion about by the remark that every dollar's worth of ore taken out costs a dollar and a half. Yet, in spite of all these assertions, he has sent to Europe for powerful and expensive

millling-machinery, to be used for developing the newly-discovered prospect of wealth.

As I was not obliged to take any part in the conversation, I improved the opportunity to carefully survey the office. This was a large, well-ventilated room, neatly carpeted and furnished. On the walls hung several maps, both of the whole country and of Utah; old photographs of Brigham Young, Heber Kimball, Orson Pratt, and various other apostles; and a lithographic portrait of Andrew Johnson.

In a short time, Brigham Young returned from his morning drive. He was assisted from the carriage, and came slowly over the garden-path to his office. He wore a pair of light-gray trousers, stained in one or two places; a heavy cloak, which partially hid his excessive obesity, and which was fastened at the throat by two enormous silver pins in the form of shields, connected by a massive silver chain. A very bright Magenta scarf completed his dress.

I had heard and known about the character of his Sunday oratory in the tabernacle, its coarseness, its weakness of argument, its poverty of ideas, and its palpable lack, not merely of culture, but of education. But the faults which would naturally be glaring in a public speech had little or no opportunity to appear in a short business interview, and, certainly, his manner was perfectly courteous and well-bred, his language timely and to the point, and his whole bearing beyond criticism. A powerful as well as an entirely selfish man, a tyrant, with shrewd native wit enough to submit to circumstances when necessary, Brigham Young has insured himself a successful termination of his career.

But, after Brigham Young, what? Can Mormonism, or polygamy rather, continue to flourish in defiance of law and right? Who can say? The system is rotten at the core; its future supporters are a vitiated and weakened race, the children atoning, as at other times and in other lands, for the sins of the fathers; and there is an anti-polygamy party, under the lead of the son of the late Joseph Smith. But the practical management of affairs has for some time been largely in the hands of other members of Brigham Young's family, and the loss of his name and his personality is all that the Mormon cause has to fear. Whether that loss will be fatal or not, time only can decide.

FRED. W. LORING.

## A DUTCH CAPITAL AND DUTCH ART.

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, June 16, 1871.

OLD, dull-looking buildings reflected in the still waters of dirty canals; streets paved with brick or small squares of stone, and clean as court-yards; an apathetic but good-looking population; every sign of comfort and domesticity; nothing ostentatious or splendid; every thing plain, stable, rich, and magisterial in appearance; grand old trees, broad streets, well-lighted houses; in all, an exasperating suggestion of *immobility*, of slowness—such is "The Hague," the court city of Holland. It is famous for its gallery of pictures, its park, and its sea-side resort, which is within twenty minutes of its streets. None but an American of the temper and origin of Washington Irving could heartily enjoy the characteristic manifestations of Dutch taste as found at the Hague, but such a one would feel at home here, for, notwithstanding the transformations of New York, its oldest inhabitants would discover familiar indications of the origin of New Amsterdam. The old Knickerbocker, who recollects Bowling Green, and Pearl Street, and the canal of Canal Street, would recognize certain buildings and streets in the Hague as not unlike New York thirty years ago. New York has manifestly broken with her traditions, and has incorporated much of the spirit of Paris, while she has failed to develop the ideas of domestic taste and civil architecture planted on the island of Manhattan by the Dutch. In this unchanging city we can see what we might have become but for the vast influx of life from the diverse peoples of Europe. The Chinese are scarcely more fixed in habits and customs than the Dutch; and the wildest Communist of Paris, if located at the Hague, next to the motionless waters of these sleepy-looking canals, would inevitably become apathetic, and quite incapable of revolt against the actual. Whoever heard of a revolutionary Dutchman? They are tenacious as roots, and the current of their life is hardly perceptible. Naturally,

they reach a very great age, and the Hague seems to be a city of old men. Our *table d'hôte*, of twenty persons, has no less than twelve very old men, two hunchbacks, and one whose face is twisted like a corkscrew. They look like figures and faces from the pictures of Rembrandt and Jan Steen.

A live American in the Hague must feel like a grasshopper in a hot oven—urged to a brainless and exhausting activity, while these inert Dutchmen bask like salamanders, without the gayety or hurry of life of a live city. The Hague is a place for a seven-years' sleep; for, awaking in it, one could not discover any sign of change or of the lapse of time. Once in Holland and at the Hague, and the necessity of the legend of Sleepy Hollow is evident; for a Dutchman must sleep through epochs of change or cease to be a Dutchman. The whole municipal life of the Hague is carried on in buildings at least three centuries old, plain, grave, curious, and there seems to be no need of modernizing them. Feverish New-Yorker! at the Hague no one is in a hurry, no one is curious, and the only way to surprise a Dutchman, to put him off his equilibrium, is to ask him for ice—ice at the Hague in summer!—a hot, slow, spacious, stiff place, where people take tea in the park and listen to music, and who impart to every pleasure and business a domestic, still, grave, and benign character. Such a being as a newsboy we have not seen at the Hague, and the one horse-car that runs through the town every hour is announced by the blowing of a fish-horn, which is the only noise in the city that breaks the monotonous quiet of the streets. The rolling of the carriages of the nobles and ministers and wealthy citizens, the trotting of sedate horses, who seem to step with all the consideration due to old families, and the rumble of an occasional cab, are about the most lively objects to be seen in the streets.

There are three things to awaken the interest of and give satisfaction to the foreigner at the Hague. One is the noble park, the other is the gallery of Dutch masters, the third is the domestic temper and aspect of the city and its people. The park, or wood, is one of the finest in Europe. The age and height of the trees, the luxuriance of the foliage, the spacious and long avenues, the canals and bordering paths, and dim recesses of living green, make of it a spot quite unique and truly impressive. It is even said to be a portion of the primeval forest of Batavia, and the grandeur of the trees is such that one can easily believe some of them may have sheltered the Druids, and swayed their majestic branches over the mysterious rites of a primeval religion. Let us walk through these long avenues, which are arched by the living green of the murmuring leaves, bordered by mighty trunks of beech and oak, leading us to dim paths, by the side of motionless waters which lave the drooping boughs, and reflect what seems to be an enchanted forest, so still, so clean, so graceful, and so large, so much more like a picture than the wild and tangled growth of our more dense and varied woods. In this park we pass *cafés* and club-houses, and at last reach the famous *House in the Wood*—the royal villa erected by the widow of Prince Ferdinand Henry of Orange, in memory of her husband. Royal residence as it is, it presents a very plain exterior, and, but for its size and the guard of soldiers, would hardly be taken for more than the residence of a wealthy citizen of simple taste who loves a quiet home. But we are not to enter the House in the Wood to-day; the wood itself is too delightful for us to leave it for the musty and spacious and costly interiors of a Dutch taste. While we let our eyes appreciate the vast perspective of these long avenues, or rest leisurely on the placid surface of ponds and canals which spot or intersect or border this noble park, or while we look upon the gardens and bridges with a pleased sense of the quaint and ridiculous, as upon something which is like a toy and yet like a home, we can make our reflections upon the wisdom of the old Dutchmen who set apart, centuries ago, this grand growth of forest-trees for the pleasure of the counts of the Hague, and for the good people of the city in modern times. This grand old park is on the very edge of the city—within five minutes of several hotels. The old Doelen Hotel, formerly the hunting-lodge of the counts of the Hague, is close to the main avenue of the wood, and a curious old house it is, with one of the most spacious dining-halls that we have ever seen, and a fireplace large enough to roast an ox. It smells of antiquity, and it is quiet as a tomb. At the hour of *table d'hôte* a number of white-headed old gentlemen make their appearance—eat, drink, talk, and disappear. The spacious hall with its lofty ceiling echoes the slightest sound, and a feeling of the unusual—the mysterious—creeps over the traveller, making him question whether

he has not feasted with ghosts of old Dutchmen who come back at the appointed hour to dine, in the feasting-hall of the counts of the Hague? Nothing reassuring as to his presence among men of the nineteenth century, as the nineteenth century is understood in the New World, reaches him through the ordinary come and go of life around him. The old and the new are not far apart here, and the stranger is especially impressed by the gravity of the city, and, if he admires the elegant and splendid, he must suffer from the want of both.

The chief attraction of the Hague is the gallery of Dutch pictures, where Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Jan Steen, and Ostade, may be studied in their best works. How much the Dutch pictures are to a true and intelligent lover of art, one can hardly judge by hearsay. But they are so interesting, and so fine, travel and criticism will probably never utter the last word about them. They are, in fact, the parent pictures of modern art; they mark a new epoch in painting, and show the triumph of *fact* over *symbol*, of life over allegory, of the familiar or common over the exceptional and noble. Democratic art begins in Holland with Rembrandt and Jan Steen, and Rembrandt is the greatest democrat of all painters, and has justly been called the Luther of Art, for, like Luther, he broke with traditions—he made himself the painter of the people. The Dutch are the most modern in subject and method of all painters; Rembrandt employed his brush for plain men and women, and interested himself and others in the simple fact of *life*, the individual or personal life of each human being. Instead of the mystic and ecclesiastical art of the German, instead of the allegorical and mythological of Flemish and Italian masters, he has portrayed with perfect satisfaction and marvellous power his fellow-citizens. The Dutch painters are the only painters of the seventeenth century who have not employed their brushes to represent demi-gods and kings and popes and princes, but men and women, and they are therefore closer to Americans than any of the Italian or Flemish or French masters. At the Hague, the power of Rembrandt is manifest; he overrides your consciousness by the prodigious force and extraordinary simplicity of his genius. Here are several of his most famous pictures, and of them we shall write when we treat of the gallery of the Hague, which, next to Amsterdam, is richest in specimens of Dutch art.

EUGENE BENSON.

## DISRAELI IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

IT is very easy to hit on the chief causes of Mr. Disraeli's especial piquancy. First of all, he has had the perpetual interest of an inexhaustible situation. We in no way mention this in depreciation of him. It was a positive stroke of genius in Mr. Disraeli to be a Tory, and he is fairly entitled to the credit of it. But it has greatly helped him to be interesting. His very presence at the front of the Tory ranks, and his maintaining himself there, was an excitement. And, being there, he championed Toryism in the very newest manner, and with the most special air of Liberalism. The charm of Liberalism is its novelty, and Mr. Disraeli discovered a fresher novelty for Toryism. In a word, he made Conservatism clever, and cleverness had been long a Whig monopoly. It might well startle the Liberals. At first they did not know where it was to stop. During several years they were not sure that Toryism, in Mr. Disraeli's hands, was not going to turn out more intellectual than Liberalism. This was the reason of the first bitter stress of feeling against Mr. Disraeli. He had himself to blame for it. He should have been a little duller. The Liberals were naturally astonished, even disgusted; for, we admit, it is the one inherent weakness of your true Liberal to think that there is not an idea in the world except on his own side. For a long time the great grievance Mr. Disraeli's opponents had against him was his mental ability. You could see that they thought so clever a man ought not to be a Tory. It was unfair in him. They continually betrayed an indignant sense that his smartness really belonged to their party. They were somehow, through him, being defrauded of an exclusive appropriation of all reasoning. To some of them it seemed to be almost outrageous that he should be so witty. This feeling has always lingered somewhat; it breaks out occasionally even now. Mr. Bright, within a late period, has openly resented Mr. Disraeli's intellectual capacity. His use of the epithet "great Mys-

tery Man," we suppose, meant, what other Liberals will ill-temperedly hint, that they do not believe Mr. Disraeli sincere. Push them hard on the point, and the only reason they can assign is, that he has ideas. This is an exceptionally interesting position for a man to occupy toward his opponents; and Mr. Disraeli has throughout been equally favored by his relations to his own party. For years they regarded him with the interest of a kind of dread. He was too wonderful for them. They were not used to ideas, and they did not know that they might not be dangerous. Mr. Disraeli came fresh to Toryism, with his wits working as briskly as in a Liberal, and he poured around the party the glory of novels as well as of parliamentary speeches. We can all remember how excited they were. His interpretations of Toryism were very amazing; the Tories could not quite accept them; but the Liberals could not be equally witty in denying them; and Mr. Disraeli was pleased to say it was a Tory victory. We do not believe that anybody claims for him that it was he who inspired the Tory revival of thirty years ago. There was a religious movement at the bottom of it. However, Mr. Disraeli almost made up for his not having originated the "Young-England" *furor* by the skill with which he appropriated it all. A certain romanticism, derived from this source, has been another element of his interestingness, especially to youth. But, although these might fairly be called adventitious aids in the cases of most men, it is not so in Mr. Disraeli's case. He would be dull, indeed, who suggested here any vulgar shrewdness in selection of sides. It was pure genius. Mr. Disraeli has strong dramatic instincts, and he would naturally gravitate to the place where he would be personally most effective. It was on the Tory side a wit was just then most needed, and there was nothing strange in the wit, when he came, going there. It was his natural post. But, if the Tory party has helped Mr. Disraeli by giving him a surprising ground for the utterance of his witticisms, he has far more than repaid it. He has not only been interesting himself, he has made the whole Conservative party interesting. The other Tory leaders have an attractiveness beyond what naturally belongs to them, when seen behind Mr. Disraeli. A Tory duke never looked so picturesque as in that astonishing perspective. It is only since the withdrawal of the late Lord Derby that the peers have come clearly out into it; but there they now are. No other political grouping of our time has been one half so effective; there has been no other that was so confidently expected every moment to break up. But the bad prophets have been punished by the non-fulfilment of their ill-natured prophecies. It still continues, and only Mr. Charley seems now to dispute for the leadership with the right honorable gentleman. This critical relation to his own party must, however, be set down as an element of interest enjoyed by Mr. Disraeli almost alone among public men. As a rule, the connection of a man with his own side is the very duller part of his position. In the case of Mr. Disraeli, every bit of that has been fully interesting. We have always been expecting to see his followers break away from him.

But Mr. Disraeli does not wholly owe his being the most interesting man in England to his saying the smartest things said in it. For that we should have to be a nation of wits together, whereas we are far humbler people. Much more homely causes have helped him. An intellectual apparition uttering witticisms, a skilful manœuvrer keeping a critical balance on the least likely side, however they might have excited us, would not have won us all as he has done. A gentle use of laughter has grown up between Mr. Disraeli and the nation, and this must have had another origin. The explanation of his universal popularity we surmise is that Mr. Disraeli is himself a grotesque—a most polished, high-minded, finely-mannered, witty grotesque, but still one; and the English people have a weakness for grotesques. They suit our imperfectly-disciplined tastes. After the objects of Mr. Disraeli's best witticisms have been laughed at on account of them, if you notice closely, you will find that Mr. Disraeli is himself laughed at for them. So it has been with his budgets, his speeches, his books; the admiration has never prevented laughter. It is a special gratification he has afforded us. Mr. Disraeli is the cleverest man in the country, and yet he can, with just sufficient frequency, be laughed at by the dullest in it, from a momentary perception of superiority in sense. Mr. Gladstone never gave us this delight, and he suffers for it. Mr. Disraeli comes much closer to all our feelings than he does. Perhaps he has skilfully contrived it all from a subtle appreciation of the national character. One should hesitate to place any limits to his cleverness. The first impulse is to say that he plotted his solemnity of visage, and designedly led up to his glorious

nickname; but reflection forces it upon you that they are alike gifts of fortune. It was with such a spontaneous air he dated his letter Maundy Thursday; it was with such sublime complacency he teaches British farmers at agricultural meetings the first elements of husbandry. Mr. Disraeli is himself more amusing than the very best things he says of other people; and there are many persons who can appreciate himself who have not the smartness to understand his other jokes. Then, in estimating the causes of Mr. Disraeli's interestingness, it must be mentioned that, though he still stands before us as modern as any one, yet his career runs back into an historical period. He will have to remain with us much longer before any one calls him venerable; but he is what may be termed the most historic member now in the House of Commons. The first part of his career belongs to a more picturesque parliamentary time than this—a naughty period, when men said bitter things purposely, and were ready to fight duels for them. Mr. Gladstone, too, was living then; but, like the good young man he then was, Mr. Gladstone was occupied writing books on the Church. His wickedness in debate came only very late; and the consequence is, that our recollections of him are not at all historical. But Mr. Disraeli's celebrity is associated with chronicled celebrities. No one can have thought of Peel without thinking of Mr. Disraeli also; and it was of Mr. Disraeli that O'Connell made his best-remembered—that is, his most outrageous—epigram. Further, we must add that Mr. Disraeli is greatly favored by all the necessary allusions to him being so very manageable. It is a serious thing to allude to Mr. Gladstone; it may involve long talk and heated argument. You cannot adequately refer to a speech of his without a quotation of a column. A sentence serves the turn in Mr. Disraeli's case. One of his good things is remembered; it is off the tongue in a moment; eyes twinkle; laughter follows. Finally, there is a remaining cause of Mr. Disraeli's universal acceptableness; he is popular among Liberals. For one Tory who can tolerate Mr. Gladstone, there are a dozen Liberals who like Mr. Disraeli. The explanation of this fact Mr. Disraeli may take as near to his heart as he chooses, for we believe that it is this: that the Liberal party have found out that he is politically harmless. His being where he is, is compatible with the passing of Liberal measures. Years ago it was not quite certain that Mr. Disraeli's epigrams might not turn into Conservative bills, or at least might prove to be stumbling-blocks in the way of Liberal bills. But they have done neither thing.

In a word, Mr. Disraeli has achieved a magnificent parliamentary career, but he has done nothing else in the way of politics. His use in politics has been a merely personal one. We owe him thirty years of amusement. The value is very great, but the value must not be represented other than it is. The fact of his wonderful career itself has little or no significance: there is a fatal jocosity about its marvellous success. It is no real precedent set on the Tory side. If it were, all would be changed. But all that his supersession of rank, his triumph over religious prejudices, and his vindication of sheer talent, has given us, is a sort of parody of a Liberal career effected among the Tories during a time of bewilderment. Neither he nor they can have full credit for it. Mr. Disraeli has greatly and grotesquely ornamented our affairs, without affecting them much.

## HARVEST.

SUN-BATHED and blest in the golden weather,  
Crowned for delight or crowned for pain,  
Sheaved as ripe grain of the field together,  
Covered with love from the possible rain—  
One are the hearts that were yesterday twain.

Either has wandered a separate river,  
Half of its course through the meadows of Time;  
Here, at the junction, the floodgates deliver  
All of the wealth they have gathered betime—  
Each unto each in a rhythm sublime.

Rapturous moment of full-fruited gleaming!  
Rapturous blending of spirit with kin!  
One in the heavens but knoweth the meaning  
Of tenderest mystery hidden within  
This meeting of waters, this harvested sheen.

MARY B. DODGE.

## TABLE-TALK.

"BOYS and girls begin by being astonishingly alike," says Miss Phelps, in an article in the *Independent*. "Up to a certain point they go hand in hand," but "mature life, which develops the man, stunts the woman. He goes on, she stands still. He unfolds, she droops. He puts himself at compound interest, she does well if she save her principal intact. Mary and Josiah, at the high-school or academy, keep step like drilled soldiers. Mary, in fact, is inclined to effect the Euclid lesson in less time than Josiah, and Mary will graduate the higher rank in Greek;" but afterward Josiah "plunges into Calculus and Descartes, and Mary subsides into custards and dish-water." This problem, which has so long puzzled the world, Miss Phelps attempts to answer by asserting that the brains of women all go into their clothes. "The average young woman expends enough inventive power, enough financial shrewdness, enough close foresight, enough perturbation of spirit, enough presence of mind, enough patience of hope and anguish of regret, upon one season's outfit, to make an excellent bank cashier, or a comfortable graduate of a theological seminary." The ordinary mind will discover in this statement not so much the causes of the arrest of mental growth in women as evidence of the fact. The real difference between the mental calibre of the two sexes lies probably at the very foundation of their natures. That this difference in earlier stages of growth should be scarcely apparent, is only in accordance with the law of likeness which pertains to all primary conditions, while the differentiation that eventually occurs, to use one of Mr. Spencer's terms, is simply in obedience to that principle of divergence or evolution which marks all the aspects of Nature. That women exhibit in youth as great a mental activity as men, and attain the full measure of their power sooner than men, is generally acknowledged; but the various efforts to account for this phenomena in difference of training and difference of opportunity, we apprehend to be entirely erroneous. The forces that control the distinct mental operations of the two branches of the human family are, no doubt, entirely fundamental. The close observer will find continually new evidence of the pertinacity of Nature in its individual aspects. He will see how inherited tendencies will manifest themselves through all the modifying circumstances of education and association, and he will also discover how characteristics of race and of family assert themselves under all conditions and in all places. Lines of growth are very slightly divergent at the beginning. The first green spray of the oak is scarcely distinguishable from that of any weed, but at the root lies an essence of difference that day by day manifests itself in the evolution of the plant. In the sexes lie at heart elements of difference which, at first scarcely manifest, in time build up their essentially distinct mental growths. It seems to us entirely idle to suppose that this difference is superficial only, and that education can extinguish it. Women live in the same intellectual and social atmosphere

men do; they read the same books, have access to the same discussions, are influenced by the same interests that men are; and the two sexes abide in a companionship of the closest intimacy. The common assertion that men have superior opportunity is, we believe, in the main, unfounded. There are higher universities for men; but, with the great bulk of mankind, opportunity is more favorable to women than to men. The ripest culture among men is often the product of self-teaching; and books are as accessible to one sex as to the other, while with unmarried women, at least, the leisure for study is more abundant than with men. Probably the difficulty of the problem comes from the assumption that two things are equal which are not equal. We have a theory that men and women are by nature nearly alike mentally, and we attempt by external pressure to make our assertions good. We insist that the fine race-horse, lithe, graceful, swift, and beautiful, can and should do the work of the powerful, huge-limbed dray-horse. We accept the racer's brief outburst of strength as evidence of a radical similarity of muscle, and so subject him to the same training that we do his heavier brother; and, in doing so, ruin him for the turf, while he remains useless for occasions that require force. Perhaps it will be discovered, in time, that woman's mental growth would not be prematurely arrested, if the direction of her culture were in accordance with the absolute conditions and affinities of her nature. In regard to those affinities and conditions we shall have something to say another time.

— We referred, in a recent number of this *JOURNAL*, to one of the defects of the consular service; that defect being, that appointments are made with little regard to qualifications, and with none at all to the personal fitness of the appointee. It is another, and very serious defect, that a consul who has proven himself a good officer, able in his duties, and of real service to the country, should be constantly liable to capricious removal. This is a more important matter than appears on first reflection; for it is essential that the confidence between an official and his government should be reciprocal. If the official knows—as our consuls know—that some political exigency at Washington may, at any time, bring about his abrupt dismissal, whatever the value of his services and the earnestness of his efforts, it necessarily deprives him of the worthy ambition to do his work well. It robs him of his zeal, and dampens his energy. He performs his duties listlessly, and confines himself to the barest outline of the necessary work to be done. The approval of his official superiors being of no practical moment, and not being weighed in the balance in his favor, becomes an object not worth seeking. The most is made of his term of office, in the direction of selfish gain. The office is neglected, and the temptation to lock up and go fishing is irresistible. The consul can shirk his duties, if he has no ambition to fulfill them, much more easily than the home official; for he is at a distance, and free from the surveillance of chiefs present and watchful. It may be said that the same want of an

inspiration to do excellently well, and approve themselves in the chiefs' eyes, exists at home as abroad. But the case of the consul is much more serious. He is going to reside in a foreign country. He must make an end of his home affairs; must wind up his business; sell out his property; remove his household gods, and begin a new career. He must sacrifice more than the home official in undertaking consular duties. His removal for no substantial cause—for no fault of his own—operates to bring him into a kind of contempt at the place where his consulate is located. Europeans are not accustomed to see faithful officers incontinently dismissed. They do not understand such a practice, and never will. The idea in their minds, that it is a consequence of personal delinquency, cannot be got rid of. So that the dismissed consul is really disgraced in the eyes of those with whom he has held intimate official and social relations abroad; and, through him, a kind of contempt is reflected on the government itself. It is asked, "What sort of people does this nation select as its officials, that it is constantly dismissing them?" The conclusion is inevitable, that either the government is weakly capricious, or else it does not know how to choose its servants. It seems, therefore, to be quite necessary, in order to have an efficient consular service, that not only fit and honest men should be carefully selected, but that, having proved themselves trustworthy, they should be retained for at least a definite and reasonable period. Better still would be a well-organized system of promotions as the result of efficient service.

— At a date nearly three centuries distant from Shakespeare's time certain Londoners have awakened to the fact that the "world's metropolis" has no statue of England's greatest genius. A proposition has been made by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who, though he is a sensational and rather inexact historian, is a liberal and public-spirited citizen, to erect a monument to Shakespeare on the terrace of the new Thames Embankment, and the cable intimates that the idea is meeting with a substantial welcome. It is strange that this universally-acknowledged king of letters should have no other memorial on the scene of his still-surviving sovereignty than the plain little figure which one sees in a niche of the great abbey. London is profuse in her out-of-door monuments and sculptures, but is, in almost every case, unfortunate both in their subject and in their execution. The two most conspicuous columns in the town are the Nelson Column, in Trafalgar Square, and the York Column, in Carlton Place. The former celebrates the deeds of a great naval hero, but the monument is so ugly that *Punch* has remarked that Nelson, on its top, seems on the point of committing suicide. The York Column is devoted to celebrating the memory of a fat, selfish, dissipated, and utterly incapable prince of the house of Brunswick, who was for a time commander-in-chief during the Napoleonic wars, and more than once nearly succeeded in delivering the English army as prisoners into the enemy's hands. There are many statues, equestrian and otherwise, of that "Gentleman George" whom Thackeray pulls to pieces with such gusto,

and whom he finds to consist, after all, of nothing but pads; the Duke of Wellington is here, and there, and everywhere; Peabody sits quietly in bronze opposite the Royal Exchange; Generals Napier and Havelock keep Nelson rather lugubrious and awkward company in Trafalgar Square; two ludicrous caricatures of the sculptor's art disfigure the beads of Pall Mall and Parliament Street, one of which gives special prominence to George III.'s pig-tailed wig, and the other makes such a harlequin of Charles I. as to drive all respect for his manly end out of one's head. Various squares have dual statues, earl and baronial statues—monuments of the heirs of noble robbers and coroneted Paul Cliffords. But where are the heroes of British letters and science? Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Scott, Burns, Cowper, Coleridge? You would think they never existed, and that London only honored the men of war, the men of acres and of blue blood, and the men who, whether good, bad, or indifferent, have been born to sit upon the throne. The Scott Monument at Edinburgh is a perpetual reproof to the larger capital; and it is gratifying that London has at last been shamed into following tardily the Scottish example. A column is to be erected to Scott, and properly the centennial anniversary of his birth is made the occasion of raising subscriptions to this end. One to Shakespeare is certain to be subscribed for with far greater enthusiasm, and will probably be made the most magnificent of English monuments. We hope, however, that a more commanding site for it will be found than the banks of the Thames.

### Literary Notes.

ALL the princes of the Orleanist dynasty are literary men. The eldest, the Duke de Nemours, has made political economy the study of his life, and has issued several pamphlets in defence of the principles of free trade. The Prince de Joinville has written two monographs on naval subjects, and a sparkling sketch of the voyage of his frigate, *La Belle Poule*, to St. Helena. The Duke de Montpensier is a constant contributor to the Spanish periodical press. The Duke d'Aumale, who is regarded as the most gifted of the sons of Louis Philippe, has written quite a number of historical and philosophical works, and is a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The Count de Paris has written pamphlets on military subjects and on the labor question; and his brother, the Duke de Chartres, is the author of a pamphlet on the military resources of France.

The popularity of Berthold Auerbach has recently sensibly declined in Germany. Like a great many other German novelists, Auerbach, relying on his fame, published too many books. Some of his recent productions were pronounced unworthy of his fame by the leading critics, and the consequence has been that he has been unable to find, thus far, for the new novel he has written, a publisher willing to pay him the high price he demands for it. Formerly, he was overwhelmed with offers from booksellers, and always obtained his own prices for his books.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, the German poet, is engaged, at his quiet home near Stuttgart, in

Württemberg, in translating Shakespeare. The first volumes will appear next fall, when there will be also issued the first numbers of the translation of Shakespeare's plays by King John of Saxony. The latter will be published under the *nom de plume* of "Philaethes," under which the king formerly issued his translation of Dante.

Patriotic ladies in Germany are collecting autographs of eminent men for the great fair which will be held next fall in Berlin for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The collection of autographs, which now numbers already five thousand and five hundred specimens, will be the first prize at the fair.

Immanuel Bekker, the great philologist, who died recently in Berlin, left his large library, containing a great many valuable works, to the city of Strasbourg. The new Strasbourg Library, it is believed, will contain more volumes than the old one, which was destroyed during the bombardment of the city.

A Leipzig dealer in autographs offers the manuscript of Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame" for sale. He asks seventy-five dollars for it. It is written on very coarse blue paper, and contains very few erasures and alterations, a proof of the author's extraordinary facility of composition.

The Sultan of Morocco, having recently read the translation of Hacklaender's "Fairy Tales" into the Arabian language, has sent the author a valuable present, and a letter in which he expresses to him the pleasure which the perusal of the work afforded him.

The Society of Dramatic Authors in Paris has distinguished itself by expelling Victor Hugo. The motion was offered by M. de Montépén, a writer of sensation novels and third-rate plays, and carried by a small majority.

It is announced, in a Berlin newspaper, that the brother of Prince Albert, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, has a volume of personal reminiscences in press. He wields an excellent pen.

Paris has lost, in consequence of the war and the Communist insurrection, seventy-two journalists, over one-half of whom were writers of distinction.

The Leipzig *Central Blatt*, which is noted for its correct appreciation of literary affairs, says that Vienna has the best newspapers in the world.

The Italian philologists are again engaged in a controversy about the question whether the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* were written by one or several persons.

One of the leading French Communists was Eliaé Reclus, the illustrious *savant*. He was among the insurgents who were killed at the *Père-la-Chaise*.

Karl Gutzkow, the German romancier, has in press another long novel, which, like his "Ritter vom Geist," will fill no fewer than nine volumes.

Ivan Tourguenev, the great Russian novelist, is at work upon a translation of George Sand's books into his native language.

Professor Henry von Sybel, the eminent Prussian historian, corresponds with foreign scientific reviews in four different languages.

A great revival of literature is expected in France. The leading publishers have their presses running night and day.

The number of books published last year in Germany, on American topics, was two hundred and fourteen.

The Leipzig *Gartenlaube* claims at present a circulation of two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

### Scientific Notes.

THE latest scientific researches in the Mediterranean have elicited some curious facts concerning the great lake which may be worth noting. The Mediterranean Sea consists of two distinct basins, which would seem to be entirely separated from each other by an elevation of the bottom to the amount of about three hundred fathoms; and this would establish a continuity of land between Italy, Sicily, and the northern coast of Africa—whereby the eastern basin, which extends from Malta to the Levant, would be cut off from the western basin, which reaches from Malta to Gibraltar. And, if this elevation were a trifle smaller, it would completely cut off the western basin from the Atlantic; for, although the narrower part of the Strait of Gibraltar, near its eastern extremity, has a depth exceeding five hundred fathoms, there is a gradual shallowing, with increase of width, toward its western extremity; so that, when it opens out between Capes Trafalgar and Spartel, a considerable part of it has a depth of less than one hundred fathoms, while its deepest channel does not exceed two hundred fathoms. The depth of the western basin approaches fifteen hundred fathoms over a considerable part of its area, and sometimes more; while that of the eastern basin approaches two thousand fathoms in many parts, and reaches two thousand one hundred and fifty. The effect of the ridge at the western extremity of the Strait of Gibraltar is to cut off direct communication between the deeper water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic, only allowing a communication between their surface waters. On this fact turns another noteworthy point—namely, that of the difference between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic, in regard to their respective proportions of salt; and it has been found that there is an excess of salinity in the water of the Mediterranean above that of the Atlantic.

The remark has been made more than once, that Australia represents a geological condition which, on this side of the globe prevailed long ago, in the far-remote past. Living animals have there been discovered which on this side of the globe are found in a fossil state only; and another example has recently been sent from Queensland to the British Museum, where it is preserved in the zoological department. This additional example is a fish, described by naturalists as *Ceratodus*, which was captured alive in a Queensland river. It is more than two feet in length, and belongs to the order described as *ganoid*, from the brightness of their scales. The fossil specimens of this fish found in Europe do not come down beyond the Oolitic formation; there they cease, and a new order takes their place. This discovery suggests once more the question: Has Australia yet to undergo such a grand series of convulsions as have taken place since ganoid fishes lived in the lakes and rivers of the northern hemisphere? In some respects, Australia is an anomalous and unfinished country; and it may be that some day chains of mountains will be heaved up in that vast island, whereby its climate will be ameliorated, and springs and rivers will fertilize its now terrible wastes of desert.

## Miscellany.

### Critical Curiosities.

LOCKE'S wisdom was not creditably displayed when he endorsed the opinion of his friend Molyneux, that, Milton excepted, all English poets were mere ballad-makers beside "everlasting Blackmore." Equally unhappy as a critic was Waller, when he pronounced "Paradise Lost" a tedious poem, whose only merit was its length; Walpole dismissed "Humphry Clinker" as a party novel, written by a profligate hireling; and Rymer set Cowley's epic above Tasso's "Jerusalem." Pope saw his "Essay on Criticism" written down as "a pert, insipid heap of commonplace;" his "Windsor Castle" described as "an obscure, ambiguous, barbarous rhapsody;" and had the pleasure of informing a friend—who told him there was a thing just out called an "Essay on Man," which was most abominable stuff, without coherence or connection—that he had seen the "thing" before it went to press, since it was his own writing; upon which the astonished critic seized his hat, "blushed, bowed, and took his leave forever!" Scott's novels have been called pantomimes, and Dickens's stories pot-house pleasantries. Ritson discovered Burns did not appear to his usual advantage in song-writing; and Mrs. Lenox found out that Shakespeare lacked invention, and was deficient in judgment!

A collection of Shakespearian criticisms would make a very curious volume, but it would hardly contain an odder example than that of the swell who complained that "Hamlet" was "doosed full of quotations." Worthy Mr. Peppy, who, despite sundry vows of theatrical abstinence, found himself pretty regularly in the playhouse, has set down in his diary his honest opinions of the plays he saw. The most insipid, ridiculous play he ever saw in his life was "A Midsummer-Night's Dream;" he was pleased by no part of "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" and "Othello," which he had esteemed a mighty good play, became a mean thing in his eyes after reading "The Adventures of Five Hours." On the other hand, he admired "Hamlet" exceedingly, when Betterton played the hero; and "Macbeth" he considered "an excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable;" while that "most innocent play," "The Tempest," although displaying no great wit, was yet "good above ordinary plays." It must be remembered, in the secretary's behalf, that the versions of Shakespeare's plays witnessed by him were too often the adaptations of Dryden and other merrers of the great dramatist's works. Oliver Goldsmith had not that excuse for his depreciation of Shakespeare. He was especially offended by the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy, which he calls a chaos of incongruous metaphors, proving his case in the following fashion: "If the metaphors were reduced to painting, we should find it a very difficult task, if not altogether impracticable, to represent with any propriety outrageous Fortune using her slings and arrows, between which there is no sort of analogy in Nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculously absurd than that of a man taking arms against a sea, exclusive of the incongruous medley of slings, arrows, and seas, justified within the compass of one reflection. What follows is a strange rhapsody of broken images, of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting off a coil, which last conveys no idea that can be represented on canvas. A man may be exhibited shuffling off

his garments or his chains; but how he should shuffle off a coil, which is another term for noise and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have 'long-lived Calamity,' and 'Time armed with whips and scorns;' and 'patient Merit spurned at by Unworthiness;' and 'Misery with a bare bodkin going to make his own quidus;' which is at best but a mean metaphor. These are followed by figures 'sweating under fardles of burdens,' 'puzzled with doubts,' 'shaking with fears,' and 'flying from evils.' Finally, we see 'Resolution sicklied o'er with pale thought,' a conception like that of representing health by sickness; and a 'current of pith turned awry so as to lose the name of action,' which is both an error of fancy and a solecism in sense." Goldsmith also falls foul of Hamlet for describing death as

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,"

when he had just been talking with his father's spirit piping hot from purgatory.

### Disinterment of Napoleon at St. Helena in 1840.

Every thing being prepared for the important operation, at half an hour after midnight of the 14th-15th of October, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, the first blow was struck which was to open the grave where he had slumbered the sleep of death so long. Even the workmen who were engaged in digging out the earth seemed to be impressed with awe at the extraordinary work they were performing. All was hushed as death. Not a sound was heard save now and then the word of command necessary to direct the labors as the work proceeded. The waning moon occasionally threw her pale light upon the scene below, but again she would be obscured by dark clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. No light would then be visible but the glimmer of the numerous lanterns used by the workmen, and the solitary watch-fire which was burning near the tent, thus giving the scene the appearance of a bivouac; yet none moved; all remained as it were chained to the spot (the aged Bertrand, Gourgard, and others, French, together with the appointed officials on the part of England), exposed to, but regardless of the inclemency of the weather, anxiously watching the work as it slowly proceeded. There was much difficulty occasioned by the mass of cement and masonry obstructing the approach to the slab that covered the coffin. The coffin was then lifted out of the tomb by means of shears, and deposited on the ground on the left side of the grave, whence it was carefully borne by twelve men of the Royal Artillery to a tent erected for its reception, when the service *Levé du corps* was performed.

The outer mahogany coffin having been removed, the inner ones were carefully placed within the leaden coffin contained in the sarcophagus sent from France, and the lids of the old leaden and the second mahogany coffin were cut through, and so opened. The old tin coffin, the last cover which shrouded the remains, became thus exposed to view, and at one o'clock (his excellency, the governor and staff having arrived in the mean time from Plantation House) this was also cut through, when the satin covering over the body appeared, which the surgeon of the "Belle Poule" gently raised, and thus displayed the body of the emperor. It was in excellent condition, and seemed to have been almost miraculously preserved; there was an appearance of mould all over the body and habiliments, but his features, nearly unaltered, were immediately recognized by his old friends and follow-

ers. The hands, which Dr. Guillard touched (and he was the only person who touched the corpse), were perfect and firm "as a mummy," he said, and the appearance of the whole body was that of one who had lately been interred. The eyes were fallen, and the bridge of the nose a little sunk; but the lower part of the face, remarkable for its great breadth and fullness, was perfect. His epaulettes and the several stars and orders on his breast were tarnished; his jack-boots covered with mildew, which, when Dr. Guillard slightly rubbed, came off, and the leather underneath was perfectly black and sound. His cocked hat lay across his thighs, and the silver vase with the imperial eagle, which contains his heart, stood in the hollow above the ankles, but had assumed a bronze hue.

The body remained exposed to view from two to three minutes, when it was sprinkled by the surgeon with some chemical composition, and the old tin, as well as the old and new leaden coffins, were carefully soldered up by M. Leroux, a French plumber, who attended for that purpose. The sarcophagus was then closed and locked, and the key delivered by Captain Alexander to Count Chabot, with the remark that, as he and the witnesses sent out from France had been enabled to satisfy themselves that the body of the late emperor was really deposited in the sarcophagus now before them, he had, by order of his excellency the governor, the honor of delivering over to him the key; and had further to inform them that every thing was in readiness to convey the body with due honor to the town, there to be transferred by his excellency in person to the care of his royal highness Prince de Joinville.

### The Pyramids of Egypt.

The Pyramids of Egypt have always had an interest even for the non-scientific. Many seriously believe that the pyramids are built of brick; and, still more, that their original use was as tombs for the Egyptian kings. Mr. Piazzi Smyth, however, in a recent paper "On the Great Pyramid of Egypt," combats some of the favorite ideas of even professed Egyptologists on the subject. The history of architecture dates from the epoch of the pyramid-builders; and Mr. Smyth regards the Great Pyramid as the oldest monument in Egypt. The other pyramids were built afterward—were all smaller, less perfect in mechanical construction, without science in design, and meretricious in taste. The Great Pyramid of Cheops, the first and the largest, is alone a perfect example of architecture, both in design and execution. After 4,000 years of schooling, we are unable at the present day to rival this stupendous work. The height of a building is good evidence of its stability; but the finest edifices we can boast, even in the matter of height alone, cannot reach the grand old relics of the Nile. St. Paul's has a height of 4,322 inches; St. Peter's at Rome, 5,184 inches; Strasbourg Cathedral, 5,616 inches; but the Great Pyramid is variously computed at between 5,819 and 5,835 inches. Another idea in connection with the Great Pyramid is, that it was the work of successive generations. This theory may explain the pyramids in general, each layer of masonry being supposed to answer to the reign of a king. But, with the chief one, more exact researches have shown it to be different. There is but one style both of building and quality of material, from top to bottom, and from side to side. The structure was commenced at the first from carefully-prepared plans. The enormous subterranean works, which occupied the workmen ten years, may still be seen, descending into the rock far



deeper and farther than those of any other pyramid; and the whole structure, occupying twenty years of hard work, was finished by its founder, and completed according to the original design. The question of the Great Pyramid having been built for the purpose of a tomb is disposed of by Mr. Smyth in a very ingenious manner. The burial-chambers of the old Egyptian kings were nothing but whole suites of apartments, gorgeously carved and inscribed with emblems of self-glorification. But it just happens that the one pyramid of all, in which as the grandest and most expensive, we should have expected to have found the most elaborate of these inscriptions, we find nothing of the sort—nothing but plane geometrical surfaces of exquisite workmanship—the stones worked by grinding processes to true mathematical figures, and with their joints cemented, but almost inconceivably fine and close, or no thicker than the vanishing thinness of a sheet of silver paper. Another theory among the *savants* has long been, that the Great Pyramid, as included among the oldest pyramids of Memphis, is founded on alluvial mud, or on the site of the great valley of the Nile. Mr. Smyth ridicules the idea altogether. What sinkings and tiltings of the Great Pyramid's floors would have taken place through long ages! Would they not, like the famous walls of Babylon, on similar soil, have gone down altogether out of sight, and never even remained to be measured at all? "The Great Pyramid," he says, "is in reality (and I declare it on the strength of nearly four months' residence at its foot) founded on a hill of compact limestone, at a level of about one hundred feet above the alluvial soil of Egypt, and to one side of it."

#### Fearful Earthquake in China.

The American minister in China has forwarded to the Secretary of State at Washington the following account of the fearful earthquake which occurred in Bathang, in the province of Szechuen, on the 11th of April, which he has had translated from the report of the Chinese governor-general of the province in which it occurred: "Bathang lies on a very elevated spot beyond the Yangtse, about two hundred miles west of Li-Tang, and about thirty post-stations from the district-town of Ta-tsen, on the high-road to Thibet. About eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 11th of April, the earth at Bathang trembled so violently that the government-offices, temples, granaries, stone houses, storehouses, and fortifications, with all the common dwellings and the temple of Ting-lin, were at once overthrown and ruined; the only exception was the hall in the temple-grounds, called Ta-Chao, which stood unharmed in its isolation. A few of the troops and people escaped, but most of the inmates were crushed and killed under the falling timber and stone. Flames also suddenly burst out in four places, which strong winds drove about until the heavens were darkened with the smoke, and their roaring was mingled with the lamentations of the distressed people. On the 16th the flames were beaten down, but the rumbling noises were still heard underground, like distant thunder, as the earth rocked and rolled, like a ship in a storm. The multiplied miseries of the afflicted inhabitants were increased by a thousand fears, but in about ten days matters began to grow quiet, and the motion of the earth to cease. The grain-collector at Bathang says that for several days before the earthquake the water had overflowed the dikes, but after that the earth cracked in many places, and black, fetid water spurted out in a furious manner. If

one poked the earth the spurting instantly followed, just as is the case with the salt-wells and fire-wells in the eastern part of the province; and this explains how it happened that fire followed the earthquake in Bathang. As nearly as can be ascertained, there were destroyed two large temples, the offices of the collector of grain-tax, the local magistrates' offices, the Ting-lin temple, and nearly seven hundred fathoms of wall around it, and three hundred and fifty-one rooms in all inside; six smaller temples, numbering two hundred and twenty-one rooms, besides eighteen hundred and forty-nine rooms and houses of the common people. The number of people killed by the crash, including the soldiers, was two thousand two hundred and ninety-eight, among whom were the local magistrate and his second in office. The earthquake extended from Bathang eastward to Pang-Chahemuth, westward to Nan-Tun, on the south to Lintsah-shih, and on the north to the salt-wells to Atimtoz, a circuit of over four hundred miles. It occurred simultaneously over the whole of this region. In some places steep hills split and sunk into deep chasms, in others mounds on level plains became precipitous cliffs, and the roads and highways were rendered impassable by obstructions. The people were beggared and scattered like autumn leaves, and this calamity to the people of Bathang and the vicinity was really one of the most distressing and destructive that has ever occurred in China."

#### Pius IX. as a Builder.

The Roman correspondent of a French paper says, in a recent letter: "In the morning-walks I have lately taken to distract my mind from Paris news, I have, thanks to the Commune, thoroughly studied two hundred and seventy churches and oratories, of which one hundred and thirty are convents. Now, what I saw of Pius IX.'s works in these walks is truly extraordinary. He has made, or helped to make, the Piazza Pia and the Piazza Mastai. The public garden of Montorio and the splendid tobacco-manufactory below it are his work. His name is on several baths and wash-houses, workmen's lodging-houses, and four or five asylums for young girls. He has restored the hospital of Santo Spirito and the Emporio, an ancient port of the Tiber still full of the marbles which were sent up to the emperors and prefects from Lucca, Africa, and the East. In short, Pius IX., without feverish activity or talkative fussiness, has been an excellent promoter of useful public works. But he is most remarkable as a restorer of churches. Some five or six popes have been noted for reconstructing ruined churches. Adrian I. is especially eminent in this respect. I think that the memory of Pius IX. will deserve equal honor. He has restored, repaired, and adorned about twenty churches. In these great restorations there is a popular tendency which none of his flatterers in ordinary have brought forward, but which I notice. In almost all the populous districts there are baths and wash-houses by Pius IX., an orphanage by Pius IX., or the principal church repaired by Pius IX. Thus San Nicolo in Carcere, Santa Maria in Monticelli, San Angelo in the Fish-market, etc., may now be admired in their renewed splendor. Saint Paul without the walls is completed. Two other extra-mural basilicas—Saint Agnes and Saint Lawrence—have been restored in the most perfect taste. Saint Lawrence restored, the beautiful column before the church, and the large new cemetery by its side, would be sufficient to mark a reign, but this is not the tenth part of Pius IX.'s ma-

terial works. He has left his name everywhere. He has inscribed it on all these stones removed at his will."

#### An Old Drinking-Song.

[*There are few quainter bits of old English than the following drinking-song, long out of print, and only found in some occasional black-letter volumes. It seems to have been the especial property of a club of toppers in "Little Britain," London. Its origin dates back at least three centuries. The careful reader will see a strong under-tone of temperance lectures lying beneath the rollicking surface-fun.*]

I cannot eat but lytle meate,  
My stomacke is not good,  
But sure I thinke that I can drinke  
With him that weares a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I nothing am a colde,  
I stuff my skyn so full within,  
Of jolly good ale and olde.

#### CHORUS.

Backe and syde go bare, go bare,  
Both foote and hand go colde,  
But belly, God send thee good ale  
younge,  
Whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut-brown toste,  
And a crab laid in the fyre;  
A little breade shall do me steade,  
Much breade I not desyre,  
No frost nor snowe, nor winde I trowe,  
Can hurt mee if I wolde,  
I am so wrapt and threwylyt lapt  
Of jolly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that as her lyffe,  
Loveth well good ale to seeke,  
Full oft drinke shee, tyll ye may see,  
The tears run downe her cheeke,  
Then doth she trouble to me the bowle,  
Even as a mault-worme sholde,  
And saythe sweete harte, I took my parte  
Of this jolly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and  
winke,  
Even as goode fellowes should do,  
They shall not mysse to have the bliss  
Good ale doth bring men to.  
And all poore soules that have scowered  
bowles,  
Or have them lustily trolded,  
God save the lyves of them and their wyves  
Whether they be yonge or olde.

Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

#### Queen Louisa of Prussia.

Queen Louisa—of the Vandal race of Mecklinburg-Strelitz—was, in every point of view, a most interesting person, and her fate justly entitles her to sympathy. She really died of that disease, so common as a phrase, so rare as a reality, a broken heart. Rarer still, it was national and political woe that killed her. Her countenance and figure were very beautiful—the last not faultless, however, for her hands and feet, it is said, were too large. She was clever and accomplished, generous-hearted, and simple in her tastes. Married to a commonplace husband, the union was, nevertheless, one of rare confidence and affection on both sides. Their love of unceremonious domestic enjoyment, when he was crown-prince and she crown-princess, gave occasion to some really humorous strokes of business on his part. A very dignified *oberhofmeisterin*, being offended at a way the crown-prince had of going to his

wife's apartments at any time and hour without the formality of an announcement from herself, *en rigle*, took occasion to explain to him at full length the precedent that ought to be observed, and the right places of exit and entrance; and Frederiek William, who was a man of few words, bowed thanks and acquiescence. What was the *oberhofmeister's* discomfiture, however, when, on opening the door to usher him in in due form, she found the affectionate husband already seated by his wife's side on a sofa. He had slipped in by a shorter way, and they were making merry, no doubt, at her expense. Another time, the royal pair were about to start on an expedition, and the *oberhofmeister's* harangued the prince on the necessity of their going, duly attended, in a state carriage with six horses. Again the prince seemed to be convinced, and politely insisted on handing madame first into the carriage; then, alertly shutting the door on her, he lifted the princess into a light chariot and pair which stood at hand, and took his place by her side.

#### Coleridge's Humor.

"I have heard Coleridge say," says Mr. J. C. Young, in his "Memoir of Charles Mayne Young," "more than once, that no mind was thoroughly well organized that was deficient in the sense of humor, yet I hardly ever saw any great exhibition of it in himself. The only instance I can recall, in which he said any thing calculated to elicit a smile during the two or three weeks I was with him, was when he, Wordsworth, and I, were floating down the Rhine together, in a boat we had hired conjointly. The day was remarkably sultry; we had all three taken a considerable walk before dinner; and, what with fatigue, heat, and the exhaustion consequent on garrulity, Coleridge complained grievously of thirst. When he heard there was no house near at hand, and saw a leathern flask slung over my shoulder, he asked me what it contained. On my telling him it was Hochheimer, he shook his head, and swore he would as soon take vinegar. After a while, however, finding his thirst increasing, he exclaimed, 'I find I must conquer my dislike—eat humble pie, and beg for a draught.' He had no sooner rinsed his mouth with the obnoxious fluid than he spat it out, and vented his disgust in the following *impromptu*:

'In Spain, that land of monks and apes,  
The thing called wine doth come from grapes;  
But on the noble river Rhine,  
The thing called grapes doth come from wine.'"

#### A Case in Point.

A splendid illustration of Mr. Darwin's theory has turned up in Vienna. There is a girl there, aged thirteen, a native of Palermo, Thérèse Gambardella, who is literally covered with hair so thickly that the Vienna papers pronounce her skin more like a fur than any thing else. The famous Julia Pastrana is described as perfectly smooth compared with the new claimant to celebrity, whose hairy covering extends from head to foot, even the forehead—which in similar cases is said to have been invariably found bare—being entirely overgrown. The head closely resembles that of a monkey, and several abnormalities in the build of the body still further complete the resemblance. We do not hear whether the young lady is graced with a tail, but the shape of her jaws and teeth, the pliability of her tongue—which she can roll up completely in her mouth—her excellent appetite, her restlessness, etc., strikingly remind one of the agile and amusing animals in the Zoological Gardens. Signorina Gambardella's intellectual capacity is said to correspond with her prepossessing exterior.

She is a great favorite with the public, medical and otherwise, and appears to have achieved a conquest over the photographers, who are quarrelling for the honor of taking her likeness.

#### Women's Wit in Danger.

Swing, that incarnation of ruffianism, in the person of the most hideous blackguard in England, with a mob of thieves and murderers at his back, attacked Fifield, the old family residence of two elderly maiden ladies, named Penruddock. When the mob were on the point of resorting to extreme violence, Miss Betty Penruddock expressed her astonishment to the ugly leader of the band that "such a good-looking man as he should be captain of such an ill-favored band of robbers. Never again will I trust to good looks!" cried the old lady, whose flattery so touched the vanity of Swing, that he prevailed on his followers to desist. "Only give us some beer," he said, "and we won't touch a hair of your head!" "You can't," retorted the plucky old lady, "for I wear a wig!"

#### Logic.

'Tis strange, but true, that a common cat  
Has got *ten tails*—just think of that!

Don't see it, eh? The fact is plain,  
To prove it so I rise t' explain.

We say: A cat has but one tail—  
Behold how logic lifts the veil:

No cat has nine tails; don't you see  
One cat has one tail more than she?

Now add the one tail to the nine,  
You'll find a full ten-tailed feline.

As Holmes has said in his "One-horse  
Shay,"

Logic is logic, that's all I say.

#### What does he want?

The Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness, and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink- and- white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

### Foreign Items.

THERE is at present at Copenhagen a very old man, who, in the year 1819, it is believed with the approbation of the then King of Denmark, organized an expedition for the purpose of delivering Napoleon I. from his captivity at St. Helena. The scheme was betrayed to the British ambassador at Copenhagen, and the government was compelled to put a stop to the sailing of the expedition. The king gave the man who was at the head of the project ten thousand dollars, and with that sum he went for a time to South America. He afterward visited St. Helena, where he had an interview with the fallen emperor. He pre-

tends to have received on that occasion from the latter a number of important documents, which will be published after the old man's death.

Prince Pueckler-Muskau, the eminent German author, who died recently at an advanced age, ordered his executor in his will to purchase every copy of the author's works he could find, and to destroy them. A Jew in Breslau has hunted up, all over Germany, copies of Prince Pueckler's books, and demands forty thousand dollars for what he has been able to collect. The executor refuses to pay him that sum, and a lawsuit will be the result.

When the war between France and Germany broke out, last year, Baron Dalwigk, the prime-minister of Hesse-Darmstadt, it has now been ascertained, delayed sending the Hessian troops to the assistance of the Prussians. Bismarck sent him a telegram, threatening him with immediate arrest and trial before a military commission. Dalwigk became suddenly very patriotic.

Heidenrix, the French executioner, possessed a curious collection of instruments which had been formerly used in France for torturing and executing prisoners. Among them was the iron club with which Damiens's bones were crushed. This collection Heidenrix left to the French Institute, which refused to accept the bequest. An Englishman has now purchased the dismal objects.

Gounod wrote seven operas before he was able to get a work of his performed on the stage. He was invariably told by musical critics and music publishers that he had no talent, and that it would be better for him to choose another career than that of a composer. It was his young wife that caused him to persist.

Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, is writing a biography of Alexander Herten, the editor of the famous journal *Kotokol* (*The Bell*), which was so widely circulated in Russia, despite the efforts of the police to suppress it. Tourgueneff promises to give a detailed account of the manner in which the *Kotokol* was secretly smuggled in such large numbers into Russia.

Queen Olga of Greece is said to be not only the handsomest, but also the ablest, of the crowned princesses of Europe. She is quite familiar with public affairs, and, when she presides at the cabinet-councils, the ministers are frequently vanquished by her able arguments.

In Servia, criminals sentenced to death are, previous to their execution, flogged with *verges*. Then they are compelled to dig their own grave, and to lie down in it. Six soldiers thereupon fire into the grave until the criminal is dead; and then it is hastily closed.

Until 1870, the copyright of Ponsard's dramatic works was considered very valuable literary property in France. The other day, it was sold in Paris for less than three thousand francs, and the widow of the great dramatist is now in very straitened circumstances.

The other day, there met, at the French department of the London Exhibition, three persons who passed close to each other without taking any notice of each other. One was Louis Napoleon, the other Ledru-Rollin, and the third the Duke d'Aumale.

Karl Marx, the leader and soul of *V. Internatio-*

tionals, was once an apprentice in a printing-office, afterward a dry-goods clerk, a proof-reader, an agent of a travelling theatrical company, an editor, and a newspaper proprietor.

The actual population of the small island of Heligoland, at the mouth of the Elbe, which has recently given rise to so many predictions of a war between Germany and England, is less than three hundred. The island itself is slowly decreasing in size.

Dr. Strousberg, the once wealthy Prussian "railroad king," who has failed recently for many million dollars, remarked the other day to a friend that he would perhaps at no distant future be glad enough to get employment as a book-keeper at a small salary.

Count Andraassy, the prime-minister of Hungary, has accidentally killed his only daughter. He fired with an air-gun in his garden at some birds, and unfortunately shot his daughter through the head.

Jules Janin, the brilliant French *seuil-toniste*, is so afflicted with the gout that he is unable to leave his bed, and his physicians have forbidden him to do any literary work.

The musical critics of the Continent advise Madame Jenny Lind to desist from her contemplated concertizing tour in Belgium, France, and Germany.

The Princess Salm-Salm, who played so conspicuous a part in the last days of the short-lived Mexican empire, has purchased a small farm in Würtemberg.

Two years ago, the aggregate circulation of the daily papers published in Vienna fell short of two hundred thousand copies. It is twice that number at the present time.

The *Leipsiger Illustrirte Zeitung* has a staff of forty-two regularly-employed artists. It claims that no other illustrated paper in the world equals this.

The composers of France intend to erect a monument to Auber, at Passy. It will represent the old *maestro* seated on his favorite mare.

The King of Spain complains of constant indisposition. The climate of Madrid does not agree with him.

Theresa, the notorious concert-saloon *cantatrice*, has purchased the villa at Cannes which once belonged to Lord Brougham.

Erekmann-Chatrion will henceforth write exclusively for the *Paris Journal des Débats*, and for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Field-Marshal Moltke, it is said, intends to publish several volumes of sketches in prose and verse.

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum occupy twelve miles of shelving.

The book-trade in France is even now almost at a stand-still.

The few relatives Mozart and Beethoven have left live in poverty in Austria.

It is confirmed that Bogumil Dawison is hopelessly insane.

The two sons of Rachel, the great *tragedienne*, are clerks in the post-office at Lyons.

It is now quite certain that General Prim was assassinated by one of his own relatives.

## Varieties.

A PARIS correspondent tells this story: A boy of thirteen, found fighting, was taken to be shot. He took a silver watch from his pocket and cried out: "Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it." "Oh, you scamp!" said the officer, "I understand; you want to run off." "My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy, and the captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am—fire!" Does Roman history tell us any thing braver! The captain boxed the little hero's ears, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

The total number of homœopathic physicians in the United States is shown by Government returns to be far less than has generally been claimed, and indeed the number of all classes is smaller than is usually supposed. The total number of all schools who paid taxes to the Government for the year ending April 30, 1871, was forty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight. Of these there were regular, or allopathic, thirty-nine thousand and seventy; homœopathic, two thousand nine hundred and sixty-one; hydropathic, one hundred and thirty-three; eclectic, two thousand eight hundred and sixty; miscellaneous, or not classified, four thousand seven hundred and seventy.

Cloves are the dried, unexpanded buds of the clove-tree, a celebrated spice cultivated on the island of Amboyna, in Sumatra, Zanzibar, Bourbon, and Cayenne; the culture and trade in this article was a monopoly in the hands of the Dutch for many years. The imports into the United States are about two hundred thousand pounds annually; and into England, about one million. The name is derived from the resemblance of the spice to small nails, and in all countries it is called by a name having this signification.

A Baltimore poet, taking up an old theme, gives the end of Cleopatra in this style:

"She got a little p'ison snake,  
And hid it in her gown;  
It gave its little tail a shake  
And did her job up brown.

She tumbled down upon her bed,  
Where she was wont to lie,  
Removed her chignon from her head  
And followed Antony."

The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* gives the following recipe for a cheap ice-chest: Take two dry-goods boxes, one of which is enough smaller than the other to leave a space of about three inches all round when it is placed inside. Fill the space between the two with sawdust packed closely and cover with heavy lid made to fit neatly inside the larger box. Insert a small pipe in the bottom of the chest to carry off the water from the melting ice. For family use, this has proved quite as serviceable and as economical as more costly "refrigerators."

In Virginia, recently, a man put on a panther's skin and sought to scare a boy named Hornet. The device succeeded in scaring Hornet so badly that he flew at the man and stung him fatally with his little rifle.

The atmosphere is said to be so dry at Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, that a bowl of milk left uncovered in the morning is dry at night, while ink vanishes from the inkstand and becomes thick almost by magic.

A Western woman who tried to procure a divorce on the ground that her husband was "a confounded fool," failed of her object, as the court thought that the precedent would be a dangerous one.

A victim of unrequited affection concludes as follows:

"I sat me down and thought profound.  
This maxim wise I drew:  
It is easier far to like a girl  
Than make a girl like you."

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads

smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

"Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" as the fellow said when he was trying to steal a goat.

Whether old age is to be respected depends very much upon whether it applies to men or to poultry.

The largest strawberry-bed in the country is in Iowa, where a whole township is taken up with the large and luscious fruit.

New Orleans makes sixteen tons of ice a day with four machines, costing twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Ohio River is going into a decline. It keeps its bed, and is quite low.

A glass of soda-water, with syrup, costs the manufacturers a cent and a quarter.

It is said that there are two hundred Japanese students in the United States.

In Tennessee an hotel-keeper is called a hash-mill boss.

An Englishman expects to get stout by drinking it.

An elastic band—the marriage-tie in a divorce court.

A soft blow—A gentle breeze.

## The Museum.

AMONG the Guianan aborigines a weapon much in use is the blow-gun, of which there are several varieties. The principal one is termed the zarabatana, which is found throughout a very large tract of country southward of Guiana. It is made of two separate pieces of wood, in each of which is cut a semi-circular groove, so that when they are placed in contact with each other they form a long wooden rod, pierced with a circular bore. As the natives use nothing but the incisor teeth of rodent animals by way of tools, it may be seen that the labor of making one of these instruments is very great. The bore being carefully smoothed, the two halves are laid together, and bound by means of long, flat strips of jacitara-wood wound spirally round them. To the lower end of the weapon is fastened a large mouth-piece, with a conical opening like the mouth-piece of a trumpet, so as to collect the breath for the propulsion of the arrow. A quantity of cement, composed of a black wax made by a wild-bee, mixed with a pitchy substance obtained from several trees, is then rubbed over the whole weapon, which is considered complete. The zarabatana is exceedingly heavy, and requires not only a strong but a practised arm to hold it steady. The missile propelled through the blow-gun is a small arrow of about ten inches in length, and of the thickness of a crow-quill. Its point is as sharp as a needle, and is usually armed with poison. Around its base is wound a small quantity of wool cotton, which is put on to exactly fit the bore; when properly made and mounted, these arrows can be propelled with wonderful force to the distance often of a hundred yards. The force comes entirely from the lungs, which are filled with all the air they will hold, and then expired as if the object were to empty the lungs at one puff. When an arrow is rightly propelled, it flies from the tube with a slight pop, like that which is produced by quickly drawing the cork of a small bottle. It is quite invisible for some little time, so rapid is the motion; and, even when fitted with white instead of yellow cotton, the eye can scarcely follow its course.

Such an instrument as we have described

this is simply invaluable for the purposes to which it is devoted. It is intended to be used almost exclusively for killing birds and small monkeys, both of which creatures live on trees. Now, as the trees of Guiana run to an enormous height, some of them attaining at least a hundred feet before they throw out a branch, it will be seen that the birds are beyond the reach of shot-guns. The foliage is so thick that it does not permit more than one or two shots to reach the bird, and the height is so great that, even if they did strike, they would produce but little effect. But the blow-gun can throw an arrow higher than a gun can propel a shot, and if the needle-like point enters any part of the bird the effect is fatal. There is another

advantage which the blow-gun possesses over fire-arms. The report of the gun frightens away every bird within sound, whereas the slight "pop" with which an arrow is expelled from the blow-gun does not alarm the

birds, and an expert hunter can kill twenty or thirty birds from one tree without alarming the others. The reader will remember that the density of the jungle is so great, that if an animal were able, and it was wounded, to run for a hundred yards or so, or a bird to fly the same distance, it would be lost in the bush without the chance of recovery. It is evident, therefore, that the successful hunter must possess some means of destroying motion, if not life, almost instantaneously, and this he finds in the terrible wourali-poison, which has the effect of causing instant stupor when it mixes with the blood. Nearly all the missiles used by the Guianan aborigines, whether propelled by the bow or by the breath, are armed with this poison.



Using the Zarabata Blow-Gun in Guiana.

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